

AN
E X T R A C T
OF THE

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S

J O U R N A L,

From *June 17, 1758*, to *May 5, 1760*.

XI.

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EXTRACT

FROM THE

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Saturday, June 17, 1758,

I Met *Thomas Walsh* once more, in *Limerick*, alive, and but just alive. Three of the best Physicians in these parts have attended him, and all agree, that it is a lost case: that by violent straining of his voice, added to frequent colds, he has contracted a pulmonary consumption, which is now in the last stage, and consequently beyond the reach of any human help. O what a man, to be snatched away in the strength of his years! Surely thy judgments are a great deep!

Wednesday 21. Our little Conference began, at which fourteen Preachers were present. We settled all things here, which we judged would be of use to the preachers or the Societies, and consulted how to remove whatever might be an hindrance to the work of God.

Friday

Friday 23. I rode over to *Court-Mattress*, a colony of *Germans*, whose parents came out of the *Palatinate*, about fifty years ago. Twenty families of them settled here, twenty more at *Killiheen*, a mile off; fifty at *Balligarane*, about two miles Eastward, and twenty at *Pallas*, four miles farther. Each family had a few acres of ground, on which they built as many little houses. They are since considerably increased in number of souls, though decreased in number of families. Having no minister, they were become eminent for drunkenness, cursing, swearing, and an utter neglect of religion. But they are washed; since they heard and received the truth, which is able to save their souls. An oath is now rarely heard among them, or a drunkard seen in their borders. *Court-Mattress* is built in the form of a square, in the middle of which they have placed a pretty large preaching-house. But it would not contain one half of the congregation: so I stood in a large yard. The wind kept off the rain while I was preaching. As soon as I ended, it began.

Sunday 25. About six I preached in the island in a square, green inclosure, which was formerly *Oliuer Cromwell's* camp. I have not seen such a congregation since we left *London*. To how much better purpose is this ground employed, than it was in the last century?

Thursday 29. I rode to *Clare*, and at six preached in the street to many poor papists and rich protestants, almost all the gentry in the country being assembled together. Thence I went on to *Ennis*, and at ten the next morning, had another genteel congregation in the court-house. In *Ennis* many suppose, there are not less than fifty papists to one protestant. They would have been very ready to shew their goodwill. But the sight of Mr. B——, kept them in awe: A report however was spread of some terrible things they were to do in the evening: and many were surpris'd to observe, that more than
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nine in ten of the congregation were papists. But none spoke an unkind or uncivil word, either while I preached or after I had done.

How unspeakable is the advantage, in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words, and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remarks made seventeen hundred years ago,

Sensus communis in illa Fortuna rarus.

Sunday, July 2. I preached in the island near *Limerick*, both morning and evening, standing on the side of a large hollow, adjoining to the old camp. The ground on the sides of it sloped upward, so that the people sat on the grass, row above row. Such an amphitheatre I never saw before, in which thousands of hearers were so commodiously placed. And they seemed earnestly to attend to our Lord's invitation, *Come, for all things are now ready!*

I did not then observe, that I strained myself. But in the morning I was extremely hoarse. This increased all day, together with a load and stoppage in my breast. On Tuesday morning I began spitting blood, found a pain in my left side, a sensible decay of strength, and a deep wheezing cough; just the symptoms which I had some years since. I immediately applied a brimstone plaister to my side, and used a linetus of roasted lemon and honey. Wednesday 5. My side was quite easy, and my hoarseness much abated. So in the evening I made shift to preach again, though not without difficulty. I had purposed preaching the next day at *Shronill*, about twenty four English miles from *Limerick*: and at *Clonmell* about the same distance from *Shronill*. But perceiving my strength would not suffice, and yielding to the advice of my friends, rested another day.

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Thursday

Thursday 6. The news of Prince of *Ferdinand's* victory, had half turned the heads of most of the protestants, till they were brought to themselves by news of another kind, which ran through the city as in an instant. One who was well known therein, a great curser and blasphemer, and eminently *without God in the world*, went a fishing a little way from his own door, and stood with his angling-rod on the edge of the water. Many were looking on, when his foot slipping, he fell forward and sunk. As help was at hand, he was soon drawn out. But it was too late. There was no remains of life. His soul was gone to give it's account.

Friday 7. I rode in a chaise to *Charlevill*, and thence on an easy horse to *Cork*. *James Massiot* died in peace the morning before; so I was just in time to perform the last office for him.

Saturday 8. The congregation was large; but my voice was so weak that many could not hear.

Sunday 9. After the burial of *James Massiot*, I preached to a multitude of people, on *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord*. And the longer I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened.

Tuesday 11. I rode with *James Morgan* to *Bandon*, and preached in the market-house to a listening multitude. Wednesday 12. I read over

the Analysis of Lord *Bolingbroke's* Works. Surely never did any man so flatly contradict, and so fully answer himself. Thursday 13. about noon, I preached in the Exchange at *Kinsale*. The townfolks care for none of these things. But we had a large congregation of soldiers, many of whom are good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

In the evening I preached in the main street at *Bandon*. Having now need of all my voice, it was given me again; only with a little pain in my side, which ceased while I was speaking.

Saturday 15. I preached about noon at *Inni-shannon*, and returned to *Bandon*. A fortnight since they laid the foundation of their preaching-house. This evening I preached in the shell of it,

it. But it would not contain the congregation. Truly these are *swift to hear*, though not *slow to speak*.

Sunday 16. I preached again in the shell of the house at eight, and in the main street at six in the evening. Observing many of the *French Officers* there, I could not but pray for them in particular. Some of them were deeply attentive. Perhaps it was not for nothing, that God brought them into a strange land.

Monday 17. I returned to *Cork*. Tuesday 18, I began speaking severally to the members of the Society. Many of them, I found, were truly alive to God. Old misunderstandings were removed. And I had the satisfaction of seeing them so united together, as they had not been for many years.

Friday 21. I met with a tract which utterly confounded all my philosophy: I had long believed, that microscopic animals, were generated, like all other animals, by parents of the same species. But Mr. *Needham* makes it highly probable that they constitute a peculiar class of animals, differing from all others in this. That they neither are generated, or generate, nor subsist by food in the ordinary way.

Tuesday 25. In the evening I assisted the Society, in renewing their covenant with God. It was to many a season of great refreshment, and the fear of God was upon all.

Sunday 30. I began meeting the children in the afternoon, though with little hopes of doing them good. But I had not spoke long on our natural state, before many of them were in tears, and five or six so affected, that they could not refrain from crying aloud to God. When I began to pray, their cries increased, so that my voice was soon lost. I have seen no such work among children for eighteen or nineteen years.

Monday 31. I finished the *Glasgow Abridgment* of Mr. *Hutchinson's Works*. He was doubtless a man of uncommon understanding, and indefatigable

gible application. Yet the more I consider it, the less can I subscribe, to his System either of Divinity or Philosophy: as I am more and more convinced, that they have no foundation in Scripture or sound reason.

Tuesday, August 1. The Captain with whom we were to sail, was in great haste to have our things on board. But I would not send them while the wind was against us. On Wednesday he sent message after message. So in the evening we went down to the ship, near *Passage*. But there was nothing ready, or near ready for sailing. Hence I learnt two or three rules, very needful for those who sail between *England* and *Ireland*. 1. Never pay till you set sail. 2. Go not on board, till the Captain goes on board. 3. Send not your baggage on board, till you go yourself.

Thursday 3. I returned to *Cork*. On Saturday 5, we were called on board in all haste. But the Captain being in no haste to sail, I preached at *Cork* again on Sunday at five, and then returned to *Passage*. He now said, He would fall down to *Cove* directly: so we took boat and went down thither. But no Captain appeared either this day or the next. So, that I might not lie idle, I went down to the Beach, and began preaching to as wild, unpromising a congregation, as ever I saw in this kingdom. However they performed more than they promised. For they grew more and more quiet and attentive. And some of them appeared to be deeply affected.

Monday 7. Hearing nothing of our Captain yet, in the afternoon I went to the middle of the town. Abundance of people ran together. But they were far too wild and noisy, to admit of my giving out a psalm, or naming a text, in the usual way. So I fell abruptly upon as many as could hear, in a free and familiar manner. In a few minutes the whole body were quiet, and tolerably attentive. They were more and more serious, till I concluded with a hymn and a short prayer.

Immediately

Immediately after preaching, I was sent for to a gentleman, who was struck with the palsy. I found the house full of his friends and relations, to whom I spoke freely and largely. They seemed to be more than ordinarily affected. Perhaps for this also we were detained at *Cove*.

Tuesday 8. I preached not far from the Beach, to a very decent and serious congregation. Presently after, a vessel sailed by, bound for *Wales*. We went on board without delay, got out of the harbour by eleven, and by Wednesday noon, were a-breast of the isle of *Lundy*. But we had not yet done our work: so the wind fell, and we did not get into the river till near sun-set. Observing three or four of the sailors then standing together, I began explaining to them the nature of religion. In a few minutes all within the ship came together; and without the ceremony of naming a text, I enlarged on, *The kingdom of heaven is not meats and drinks, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost*. About eleven we landed at *Pentlawr*, and in the morning rode to *Swansey*.

Thursday 10. We rode through a pleasant country to *Pila*. We were setting out from thence, when a violent shower drove us into the house again, and constrained us to talk with two or three travellers. I believe our labour was not lost; for they appeared to be greatly affected. I preached at *Cardiff* in the evening and the next morning. We reached the *Passage* about noon. But they did not tell us till half hour after five, that the boat would not pass that night. With much difficulty I procured a small boat to carry us over, leaving our horses behind. Landing soon after six, we walked on, and between nine and ten came to *Bristol*.

Here I met with a trial of another kind. But this also shall be for good. On the following days was our yearly Conference; begun and ended in perfect harmony. Thursday 17, I went to the Cathedral, to hear Mr. *Handell's* Messiah. I doubt,
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if that congregation was ever so serious at a sermon, as they were during this performance. In many parts, especially several of the chorus's, it exceeded my expectation.

Having promised to take a little journey into *Wales*, on Monday 21, I set out with *Joseph Jones*. We were in the boat before nine, but did not land our horses, till a quarter before three. However I reached *Cardiff*, time enough to preach in the room, though not in the castle.

Tuesday 22. I gathered up, as well as I could, the fragments of the Society. At six in the evening I preached in the Castle. Wednesday 23.

We rode to *Fonmon*. The behaviour of Mr. *Jones* surprized me: it seemed as if he inherited the spirit of his Father. I preached at seven to a deeply serious congregation, and to a good part of them at five in the morning. Thursday 24. I

wrote a second letter to Dr. *Free*, the warmest opponent I have had for many years. I leave him now just to laugh and scold and witticise and call names, just as he pleases; for I have done. Friday 25. I rode to *Cowbridge*, and preached at three in the afternoon, in the new assembly-room. I observed no trifler there, though there were several of the better rank. About six I preached in a green court at *Lanmais*, to a company of right, old, simple christians. I could not get from them so soon as I had designed, so that we did not reach *Fonmon* till near nine.

Saturday 26. One undertook to guide me the nearest way into the mean road. But in five or six miles he lost his way, so that for some time we wandered upon the mountains. About noon however we got into the road, and an hour and half after, to *Pile*. Before we left it, I spoke a few words to the woman of the house. She seemed quite struck. How few words suffice, when God applies them to the heart?

I knew not where to go at *Neath*: but as we entered the town, a man fixt his eyes upon me, (though he had never seen me before) and said,

“ Sir,

"Sir, That is the house where the Preachers put up their horses." I had been there only a few minutes, when another came in and said, "Sir, Mrs. Morgan expects you, I will shew you the way." To Mrs. Morgan's we went, and were as cordially received as if she had known us twenty years. It was market-day, so I preached about five in the room, a large, commodious place. I believe most that were present, (several of whom were backsliders) felt that God was there.

Sunday 27. We reached *Swansey* at seven, and were met by one who conducted us to his house, and thence to a kind of castle, in which was a green court, surrounded by high, old walls. A large congregation assembled soon; and behaved with the utmost decency. A very uncommon blessing was among them, as uses to be among them that are simple of heart.

The congregation was considerably more than doubled, at five in the afternoon. Many gay and well-drest persons were among them: but they were as serious as the poorest. *Peter Jacob*, who was driven to us by contrary winds, was agreeably surprized at them.

Monday 22. I scarce ever saw such a rain in *Europe*, as we had for a considerable part of this morning. In one of the main streets, the water ran with a stream capable of turning a mill. However having appointed to preach at noon, in *Newton*, about six miles from *Swansey*, I was determined, not to break my word, though I supposed but few would attend. But I was mistaken. Such a number of people came together, as no house in the town could contain. A Barn was soon prepared. And it pleased God to send a gracious rain upon their hearts.

After preaching at *Swansey* in the evening, I met those who desired to join in a Society, and explained to them the nature and design of it, with which they were quite unacquainted. Tuesday 29. I rode back to *Neath*, in order to put the Society there (an unlicked mass) into some

some form. This on Saturday they had begged me to do: but they seemed now to have quite forgotten it. Mr. Evans, the Presbyterian minister, had turned them upside-down. They looked as if they had never seen me before, all but five or six, who were much ashamed of their brethren.

Wednesday 30. I rode on to *Margum*. There used to be preaching here, till Lord *Mansel* dying without children, left the estate to Mr. *Talbot*. He forbade all his tenants to receive the preachers, and so effectually put a stop to it. But he did not glory in it long. A few months after, God called him home.

At noon I preached again in the assembly-room at *Cowbridge*: in the Castle at *Cardiff*, in the evening. Thursday 31. I talked with several of the people, and found the old spirit swiftly reviving. In the evening I preached in the town-hall. Several eminent sinners were present. And God was present in an uncommon manner: as also at the meeting of the Society.

Friday, September 1. After a busy and comfortable day, I preached once more in the Castle. The word seemed to sink deep into the hearers, though many of them were of the genteler sort. In the Society we were much refreshed. Many followed me to *Thomas Gl.*'s house: where two or three were cut to the heart, particularly both his daughters, and cried to God with strong cries and tears.

Saturday 2. We rode to the *New Passage*, crossed over in half an hour, and about five came to *Bristol*.

Saturday 9. I wrote the Account of an extraordinary Monument of Divine Mercy, *Nathaniel Othen*, who was shot for desertion at *Dover-Castle*, in *October 1757*. In the following week, I met Mr. *Fletcher*, and the other Preachers that were in the house, and spent a considerable time in close conversation, on the head of Christian Perfection.

Perfection. I afterwards wrote down the general propositions wherein we all agreed.

Thursday 14. I rode to *Coleford* and was much refreshed among the simple zealous colliers. Saturday 16. In the evening I preached at *Bradford*, as also at five and eight on Sunday morning. At two, as soon as we were in the house at *Freshford*, it poured down with rain: so that after as many as could had crouded in, the rest were constrained to go away. But the rain ceased as soon as we took horse, and we had a pleasant ride to *Bristol*.

Wednesday 20. I rode over to *Bath*; but the room would ill contain the congregation. So I encouraged them in their design of taking a piece of ground, and building without delay. In the evening I preached at *Shepton*, and several of the rich and honourable took it into their mind to come. But they came too late. For the house was already thoroughly filled with the poor. Thursday 21. As we rode homeward, we saw a sight indeed: a woman in the extremity of pain, rotting away piece-meal by the king's-evil, full of sores from head to foot, with several of her bones appearing through the skin: and continually praising God with tears of joy, for "dealing so mercifully with her."

Sunday 24. The famous *Roger Balls* had planted himself in *Stoke's-Croft* before I came. However as there was a large congregation, I did not think it right to leave them to him, but began as usual, and preached 'till near six o'clock, without paying any regard to him.

Sunday, *October 1*. I took my leave of the congregation and of the children in *Kingswood*. And God gave us a parting blessing. Monday 2. I preached at *Bradford*, (noon and night) and met the stewards of the *Wiltshire* and *Somersetshire* Societies. In the evening I baptized a young woman, deeply convinced of sin. We all found the power of God was present to heal
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and she herself felt what she had not words to express.

Tuesday 3. One of *Warminster*, who was at *Bristol* last week, had desired me to call at his house. I did so this morning, and preached in his yard to a numerous congregation, of saints and sinners, rich and poor, church-men, quakers and presbyterians both of the old and new way. Some disturbance was expected; but there was none. The whole assembly behaved well. And instead of curses or stones, we had many blessings, as we rode through the town for *Salisbury*. Wednesday 4. I rested there. Thursday 5. I rode by *Redbridge* and *Fareham* to *Portsmouth*: where at seven I preached in Mr. *Whitefield's* tabernacle, to a small, serious congregation.

Friday 6. I designed to go in a wherry to the *Isle of Wight*. But the watermen were so extravagant in their demands, that I changed my mind and went in the hoy. And it was well I did: for the sea was so high, it would not have been easy, for a small boat to keep above water. We landed at two, and walked on, five little miles, to *Newport*. The neighbouring camp had filled the town with soldiers, the most abandoned wretches whom I ever yet saw. Their whole glorying was in cursing, swearing, drunkenness and lewdness. How gracious is God, that he does not yet send these monsters to their own place!

At five I preached in the corn-market, and at six in the morning. A few even of the soldiers attended. One of these, *Benjamin Lawrence*, walked with us to *Wotton-Bridge*, where we intended to take boat. He was in *St. Philip's* fort, during the whole siege, concerning which I asked him many questions. He said, 1. "Abundance of *cattle* was left in the fields, 'till the *French* (long expected) came and took them. 2. Abundance of *wine* was left in the town, even more than the *French* could use. And there was not enough in the castle, even for the sick men.

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3. A large strong *stone-house* was left standing, within a small distance of the Fort. Behind this the *French* often formed themselves, particularly before the last assault. 4. This might easily be accounted for. We had few Officers of any experience: and the Governor never came out of his house. 5. The *French* made two general assaults and were repulsed, and many blown up by our mines. But the mines having never been looked after, till just when we wanted them, most of them were utterly useless; so that only two of threescore, did any execution. 6. In their third assault (which they were very hardly persuaded to make) Captain —— who commanded the guard of a hundred men, at the Sally-Port, ran away before he was attacked, and his men having none to command them, went after. I was left alone, till I retired also. And the *French*, having none to oppose them, came in. 7. In the morning our men were mad to drive them out: and would have done it in an hour, but that they were told, the Fort was given up, and ordered to cease firing. 8. We had at the approach of the enemy, three thousand, eight hundred and thirty three effective men. And we had very near as many when we surrendered, with plenty of provision and ammunition." O human Justice! One great man is shot! And another is made a lord!

We hired a small fisher-boat at *Wotton-Bridge*, there being scarce any wind. But it increased more and more, when we were on the sea, which was seven miles over. Our cock-boat danced on the waves, and must have sunk, if one large wave had come over her. But God suffered it not. We landed in two hours, and walked away to *Gosport*.

Sunday 8. The wind and rain drove us into the tabernacle. In the afternoon I preached in the main street at *Fareham*. A wild multitude was present: yet a few only mocked: the greater part were soon deeply attentive.

Monday 9. I set out for *Sussex*, and in the evening reached *Rottingdean*, a village four miles East of *Brighthelmston*. The next day we rode over the Downs to *Rye*, lying on the top of a round, fruitful hill. I preached at seven to a crouded audience, with great enlargement of spirit.

Wednesday 11. I rode to *Rolvenden*, about ten miles from *Rye*, and preached at five to a large, serious congregation. A few drunkards stood in the road at some distance, and took some pains to divert their attention. But it was labour lost.

Thursday 12, it was a rainy morning, so that the house contained the congregation. Many of them were in tears, being deeply convinced, that they were as yet *without God in the world*. About one I preached at *Northjam*. The house was stowed as full as possible, but still many were constrained to stand without, though it rained much. About five in the evening I preached again at *Rye*.

Friday 13. In the evening, we had a solemn season. After I had concluded my sermon, I read over the Rules of the Society, in the open congregation. The number of those who came at five in the morning, shewed that God had touched many hearts. On Saturday evening many were obliged to stand without, though the wind was high and extremely cold.

Sunday 15. After preaching at eight, I rode again to *Northjam*, and preached in Mr. *Stone-street's* orchard, to far the largest congregation I have seen in *Sussex*. One of *Rye*, in our return thither, gave us a remarkable account. "Mr. --- one most eminent for profaneness, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness, when you met the Society on Thursday evening at your lodgings, was curious to listen at the window. The next day he surprized his company by crying out, "I am the greatest sinner on the whole earth. On Friday evening he was wounded more deeply still, and was at the preaching at five in the morning." Surely thus far God has helped him. But a thousand to one, he will *return as a dog to his vomit*.

Monday

Monday 16. I rode to *Canterbury*. As we came into the city, a stone flew out of the pavement, and struck my mare upon the leg with such violence, that she dropt down at once. I kept my seat, till in struggling to arise, she fell again and rolled over me. When she rose, I endeavoured to rise too, but found I had no use of my right leg or thigh. But an honest Barber came out, lifted me up, and helped me into his shop. Feeling myself very sick, I desired a glass of cold water, which instantly gave me ease.

Tuesday 17. I found reason to rejoice over this little flock, now free from all divisions and offences. And on Saturday I chearfully returned to *London*, after an absence of near eight months.

Here I rested four days : and on Wednesday 25, went partly by coach, partly on horseback to *Malden*. Friday 27, I rode on, through an extremely pleasant and fruitful country to *Colchester*. I have seen very few such towns in *England*. It lies on the ridge of a hill, with other hills on each side which run parallel with it, at a small distance. The two main streets, one running East and West, the other North and South, are quite strait, the whole length of the town, and full as broad as *Cheapside*.

I preached at four on *St. John's Green*, at the side of a high, old wall, (a place that seemed to be made on purpose) to an extremely attentive audience : and again at eight in the morning, on Saturday 28, and at four in the afternoon. In the hours between I took the opportunity of speaking to the members of the Society. In three months here are joined together, a hundred and twenty persons. A few of these know in whom they have believed; and many are sensible of their wants.

Sunday 29. At eight the congregation was very large. And I believe, God made his word *quick and powerful*. At four in the afternoon we had a *Moorfields* congregation. Many of the baser sort stood at a distance. But they made no disturbance,

bance, knowing the Magistrates are determined, to suffer no riot at *Colchester*.

Monday 30. Though I was not quite recovered from the lameness, occasioned by the fall of my horse, I made shift to ride to *Norwich*: where on the following days I had the satisfaction to observe, That the Society was not lessened (as I had feared) but rather increased since I left them. And there is a probability they will increase still, as they are far more established in grace.

Friday, November 3. *James Wheatly* called upon me, and offered me the Tabernacle. But whether to accept the offer or not, I cannot tell. This must be maturely considered. I found all this week great liberty of spirit; and the congregations were large and attentive. It seems the time is come when our labour even at *Norwich* will not be in vain.

Sunday 5. We went to *St. Peter's Church*, the Lord's supper being administered there. I scarce ever remember to have seen a more beautiful parish church: the more so, because its beauty results not from foreign ornaments, but from the very form and structure of it. It is very large, and of an uncommon height: and the sides are almost all window: so that it has an awful and venerable look, and at the same time surprizingly chearful.

Monday 6. A large congregation attended, between four and five in the morning. I set out at six with much comfort, leaving a settled and well-united Society. I preached at *Kenninghall* about ten, and at *Lakenheath* in the evening. After resting a day, on Wednesday 8, I went on, a hard days journey, to *Bedford*.

I had delighted to spend two evenings here. But Mr. *Parker* informing me, "That Mr. *Berridge* desired I would come to him as soon as possible." I set out for *Everton* on Thursday 9. I found Mr. *B.* just taking horse, with whom I rode on, and in the evening preached at *Wrestlingworth*, in a large church, well filled with serious hearers.

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We lodged at Mr. *Hickes'*, the Vicar, a witness of the faith which once he persecuted. The next morning I preached in his church again. In the middle of the sermon, a woman before me dropt down as dead, as one had done the night before. In a short time she came to herself, and remained deeply sensible of her want of Christ.

Hence we rode to Mr. *B's*, at *Everton*. For many years he was seeking to be justified by his works. But a few months ago, he was thoroughly convinced, That *by grace we are saved through faith*. Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the redemption that is in Jesus. And God confirmed his own word, exactly as he did at *Bristol* in the beginning, by working repentance and faith in the hearers, and with the same violent outward symptoms.

I preached at six in the evening and five in the morning, and some were struck just as at *Wrestlingworth*. One of these was brought into the house, with whom we spent a considerable time in prayer. I then hastened forward, and a little before it was dark, reached the *Foundery*.

Sunday 26. I was well-pleased to have some conversation, with Mrs. *A—t*, lately come from *Barbadoes*. She gave me an account of her poor husband: first (a red-hot Predestinarian, talking of God's "blowing whole worlds to hell," then a Quaker, now a Deist :) as also of the narrow escape which Mr. *H.* lately had. "Ten Negroes broke into his house; one of whom was upon the point of cutting his throat, when *E. R.* knocked him down with a pewter-pot; which put the rest into such confusion, that she had time to secure herself and her children, and Mr. *H.* to leap out of a Balcony."

Wednesday 29. I rode to *Wandsworth*, and baptized two Negroes belonging to Mr. *Gilbert*, a gentleman lately come from *Antigua*. One of these is deeply convinced of sin: the other rejoices in God her Saviour, and is the first *African* christian I have known. But shall not our Lord
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in due time, have these heathens also for his inheritance.

Monday, December 4. I was desired to step into the little church behind the Mansion-house, commonly called *St. Stephen's Wallbrook*. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expression. So that I do not wonder at the speech of the famous *Italian Architect*, who met Lord *Burlington* in *Italy*: "My Lord, go back and see *St. Stephen's* in *London*. We have not so fine a piece of architecture in *Rome*."

Friday 8. Poor Mr. *Goudicheau*, called upon me, formerly a *Romish* priest, now ready to perish for want of bread, though of an unblemished character. Can any one wonder, that we have not many converts from the church of *Rome*?

Monday 11. Most of this week I spent in preparing materials for "A Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation;" or a full, plain and correct system of Natural Philosophy.

Monday 18. I rode to *Everton*. The church was well filled, soon after six in the evening. God gave me great liberty of speech, and applied his word to the hearts of the hearers: many of whom were not able to contain themselves, but cried aloud for mercy.

Tuesday 19. I rode on to *Lakenheath*. How surprising a providence has been over this little village! Forty years ago a poor man lived here who walked with God, and was the means of awakening a few others. When these were nearly extinct, *Charles Skelton* came, awakened a few more, and forsook them. A year ago, one of *Lakenheath*, seeing me passing through *Thetford*, desired me to come and preach there. I did so, and occasionally mentioned to them Mr. *Madan*, then at *Thetford*. They went over, and invited him to *Lakenheath*, where soon after he preached in the church. The Rector desired he would help him to a Curate; so now they have one that both preaches and lives the gospel.

Wednesday

Wednesday 20. I rode to *Norwich*. *James Wheatly* now repeated his offer of the Tabernacle. But I was in no haste. I wanted to consult my friends, and consider the thing thoroughly. One glaring objection to it was, "The congregation there, *will not hear me.*" He replied, "Sir, you cannot tell that, unless you will make trial." I consented so to do, on Thursday 21. But many declared, "No! He shall never come into that pulpit:" and planted themselves in the way to prevent it. Hitherto only could they go. I went up and preached to a large congregation, without any let or hindrance. I preached there again on Saturday evening: and again God stopped the mouths of the lions. Sunday 24. I preached in the Tabernacle at eight, to a very serious congregation, and at the Foundry between four and five. About six the Tabernacle was thoroughly filled, and mostly with quiet hearers. I saw none who behaved amiss, but two soldiers, who struck some that desired them to be silent. But they were seized and carried to the commanding officer, who ordered them to be soundly whipped.

Monday 25. Our service began in the Foundry at four, in the Tabernacle at eight. God was now especially pleased to make bare his arm. There was a great cry among the people. Stony hearts were broke; many mourners comforted; many believers strengthened. Prejudice vanished away: a few only kept their fierceness till the afternoon. One of these, still vehemently angry, planted himself just over against me. But before I concluded, he cried out, "I am overcome, I am overcome."

Having now weighed the matter thoroughly, I yielded to the importunity of our brethren. So in the evening the copy of the lease was perfected, which was executed the next morning: a whole train of providences so plainly concurring thereto, that all might clearly see the hand of God.

Tuesday

Tuesday 26. I took my leave of *Norwich* for the present; about noon preached at *Kenninghall*, and in the evening came to *Lakenheath*. Being informed some of the gentry in the town were very desirous to hear me preach, if I would preach in the church: I sent them word, "I had designed to be at *Colchester* the next day. But as they desired it, I would delay my journey, and preach at ten the next morning."

Wednesday 27. I was so much out of order, that I knew not how I should get to church. Between nine and ten I was informed, that some hot men in the parish would not consent to my preaching there. I saw the hand of God and was thankful, having now a little more time to rest. In the afternoon the sun broke out through the fog, and we had a pleasant ride to *Bury*. But I was so extremely sick, soon after I came in, that I knew not how I should be able to preach. An hour's sleep however refreshed me much, so that I found no want of strength in preaching. Indeed my disorder increased during the night. But while I was preaching in the morning, I felt myself well. And I found no more sickness or complaint of any kind. In the evening I reached *Colchester*.

Friday 29. I found the Society had decreased, since *L—C—* went away. And yet they had had full as good preachers. But that is not sufficient. By repeated experiments we learn, That though a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect, nor preserve a Society which is collected, without visiting them from house to house.

To day I walked all over the famous castle, perhaps the most antient building in *England*. A considerable part of it is without question, fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. It was mostly built with *Roman* bricks, each of which is about two inches thick, seven broad, and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of antient kings! *British* and *Roman*! Once dreaded far and near. But what are they now? Is not a living dog better than

than a dead lion? And what is it wherein they prided themselves? As do the present great ones of the earth.

“ A little pomp, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave !”

Saturday 30. I returned to *London*, and received a pressing letter from *Bristol*: in consequence of which I took horse on Monday morning, January the first, 1759, and came thither the next evening. After resting two days (only preaching morning and evening) I examined severally the members of the Society. This was one great end of my coming down. Another was to provide for the poor. Accordingly on Sunday 7. I preached a sermon for them, to which God was pleased to give his blessing, so that the collection was a great deal more than double, of what it used to be.

Wednesday 10. Having finished my work at *Bristol*, I rode to *Salisbury*, and advised our brethren, concerning the Preaching-house, which they are about to build. On Friday 12. I went on to *Whitchurch*, and preached at one to a large and serious congregation. In the afternoon we rode to *Basingstoke*, where the people put me in mind of the *wild beasts at Ephesus*. Yet they were unusually attentive in the evening, although many of them could not hear. Saturday 13. After preaching to a small, serious company, I went on to *London*.

Saturday 27. I began reading with huge expectation, a tract wrote by a son-in-law of the great *Bengelius*, Mr. *Oetinger*, *De Sensu Communi & Ratione*. But how was I disappointed! So obscure a writer I scarce ever saw before: I think he goes beyond *Perfius* himself. When I had with huge labour read fifty or sixty pages, finding the sense did by no means make amends, for the time

time and pains bestowed in searching it out, I took my leave of him for ever.

Saturday, *February* 3. I spent an hour with one, who by the loss of his sight, his fortune and his liberty, (for he has been a prisoner some time) is likely to gain more than all the world can give.

Tuesday 6. I took much pains to convince Mr. S—n, that he was not the wisest man in the world. But I could not *change the Ethiopian's skin*. Yet even this is not too hard for God.

Friday 9. I felt suddenly, as if a needle had been run into the side of my face. I supposed it would be well by the morning: but found it abundantly worse: the tonsil being come down (as they term it) and the side of my face much swelled. It grew worse all day, so that it was with great difficulty I preached at *Snowfields* in the evening. But on Sunday 11. it went away as unaccountably as it came. In the afternoon I called on *E. H.* in *St. George's Hospital*. Many there had been greatly prejudiced against me. But it was now vanished away. Her behaviour had reconciled them quite. And all in the ward, (sixty or seventy persons) seemed hardly to breathe, all the time I was speaking and praying by her bedside.

Tuesday 13. I preached at *Deptford* and *Welling*, and in the morning rode to *Wandsworth*. I preached Wednesday and Thursday evening in the town; in the mornings, at Mr. *Gilbert's*. Will this barren tree bear fruit at last? How long has God had patience with it?

Friday 16. Being the public fast, I preached at five in *Wandsworth*, at nine and three in the church at *Spitalfields*, and at half hour past eight, in the *Foundery*. Every place of public worship was crowded on this, as on the two preceding fast-days. And it is plain, even outward humiliation has been a means of outward blessings.

Friday 23. I saw a surprising spectacle: one who by a blow first lost her nose, then one eye, and

and then the other with most of the roof of her mouth: and yet instead of murmuring, acknowledges the love of God in all, and praises him continually.

Tuesday 27. I walked with my brother and Mr. *Maxfield* to *L—— H——*'s. After breakfast came in Mr. *Whitefield*, *Madan*, *Romaine*, *Jones*, *Downing* and *Venn*, with some persons of quality and a few others. Mr. *Whitefield*, I found was to have administered the Sacrament. But he insisted upon my doing it: after which, at the request of *L—— H——*, I preached on 1 Cor. xiii. 13. O what are the greatest of men, to the great God? As the small dust of the ballance.

Thursday, March 1. I reached *Everton*, about four in the afternoon. But Mr. *Berridge* did not expect me till the next day. So he thought it best, I should preach in his house. The next evening the church was well filled. And my mouth was filled with arguments: which I trust God applied, for the conviction of some and the consolation of others.

Saturday 3. We had a mild, delightful day, and a pleasant ride to *Cotchester*. In the evening and on Sunday morning, the house contained the congregation tolerably well. But in the afternoon I was obliged to go out: and I suppose we had on *St. John's Green*, five or six times as many as the room would contain. Such is the advantage of field-preaching!

Monday 5. On examining the Society I found, that out of the hundred and twenty-six members I had left in October we had lost only twelve; in the place of whom we have gained forty. And many of these whom we left in sorrow and heaviness, are now rejoicing in God their Saviour.

Tuesday 6. I rode to *Norwich*. Wednesday 7. I inquired into the state of affairs at the tabernacle; and found the Society, once consisting of many hundred members, was mouldered into nothing. Of the fifteen or sixteen hundred subscribers,

scribers, not twenty, not one was left; but every one that pleased went into the galleries, without any questions asked. So that every thing was to be wrought out of the ore, or rather out of the cinders! Surely whatever help is done here, God must do it himself.

In the evening I desired that those who were willing to join in a Society, would speak with me the next evening. About twenty did so: but the greater part of these, appeared like frightened sheep. And no marvel, when they had been so long accustomed, to hear all manner of evil of me.

Friday 9. I preached morning and evening at the Foundry. How pleasing would it be to flesh and blood, to remain in this little, quiet place, where we have at length weathered the storm? Nay, I am not to consult my own ease, but the advancing the kingdom of God.

On Saturday and Sunday about forty more gave in their names. On Sunday in the afternoon I met the Society, after ordering the doors to be shut, which they had not been for two years before. Thirty or forty more spoke to me on Monday. I think, two thirds of those I have yet seen, have had a clear sense of God's pardoning love. Doth he not send by whom he will send?

Sunday 18. I administered the Lord's supper to near two hundred communicants. So solemn a season I never remember to have known in the city of *Norwich*. As a considerable part of them were dissenters, I desired every one to use what posture he judged best. Had I required them to kneel, probably half would have sat. Now, all but one kneeled down.

Finding it was needful to see them once more at *Colchester*, I took horse between four and five in the morning. The frost was extremely sharp for some hours. It was then a fair, mild day. About two in the afternoon it began to rain; but

but we reached *Colchester* before we were wet through.

The room was more than filled in the evening, so that many were obliged to go away. Wednesday 21. I baptized seven adults, two of them by immersion. And in the evening, (their own Ministers having cast them out "for going to hear the Methodists,") I administered the Lord's Supper to them and many others, whom their several teachers had repelled for the same reason.

Thursday 22. Before we set out, the rough North wind fell, and we had a calm, sun-shiny day. I preached in the tabernacle at *Norwich* in the evening.

Sunday 25. I rode to *Fornet*, twelve miles from *Norwich*, where also was a building of *James Wheatley's* which without my desire, he had included in the lease. We found *William Cudworth* had preached there in the morning. It was exceeding good for my sense of honour, to come just after him. The people looked as dreadful upon me, as if it had been *Satan* in person. However they flocked from all parts, so that the tabernacle would not near contain them. I preached about two; God bare witness to his truth, and many were cut to the heart. After preaching I found Mr. *Cudworth* sitting in the pulpit behind me, whom I quietly and silently passed by. About six I preached at the tabernacle in *Norwich*, crowded with attentive hearers. Perhaps these too will be brought into order by and by. Hitherto there has been no *King in Israel*.

Monday and Tuesday I spoke to as many of both Societies, now united together, as had leisure and inclination to come. The whole number is about four hundred and twenty: of whom I do not think it improbable, two hundred may continue together.

Tuesday 27. I had an interview with Mr. *Cudworth*. I observed upon the whole, 1. That his

opinions are *all his own*, quite new; and his phrases as new as his opinions: 2 That all these opinions, yea and phrases too, he affirms to be *necessary to salvation*; maintaining that all who do not receive them, *worship another God*, and 3. That he is as incapable as a brute beast, of being convinced even in the smallest point.

Wednesday 28. I rode over to *Forncet* again, and preached to a large congregation. Great part of them were now exceedingly softened: but some were still bitter as wornwood. In the evening we had another kind of congregation at the *Foundery*, by whom I was much comforted: but much more in meeting the Bands, when all our hearts were melted down by the power of God.

Thursday 29. I divided the *Norwich Society* into classes; without any distinction between them who had belonged to the *Foundery* or the *Tabernacle*. Sunday, April 1. I met them all at six, requiring every one to shew his ticket when he came in, a thing they had never heard of before. I likewise insisted on another strange regulation, That the men and women should sit apart. A third was made the same day. It had been a custom ever since the *Tabernacle* was built to have the galleries full of spectators, while the Lord's supper was administered. This I judged highly improper, and therefore ordered none to be admitted, but those who desired to communicate. And I found far less difficulty than I expected, in bringing them to submit to this also.

The Society now contained above five hundred and seventy members: an hundred and three of whom were in no Society before, although many of them had found peace with God. I believe they would have increased to a thousand, if I could have stayed a fortnight longer. Which of these will hold fast their profession? The fowls of the air will devour some. The sun will scorch more; and others will be choked by the thorns springing up. I wonder we should ever expect, that

that half of those who hear the word with joy, will bring forth fruit unto perfection.

Monday 2. I left *Norwich*, and about seven o'clock came to *Cross Keys Wash*. They would fain have persuaded us, we could not pass. But finding we were resolved to try, our guide put forward, and brought us over in half an hour: so that about eight we reached *Sutton*, and found a quiet, civil house, with every thing we wanted.

Tuesday 3. We came to *Foss-dyke Wash*, just time enough to pass. At three in the afternoon we preached at *Boston*. A rude multitude quickly ran together, to a paddock adjoining to the town. A more unawakened congregation I have not seen for some years. However the far greater part were attentive: nor did any interrupt, or offer the least rudeness.

At seven I met the little Society in the house: but they were the least part of the company. People crowded in from all sides; and I believe, God touched most of their hearts.

Wednesday 4. At six, finding the house would not contain one fourth of the congregation, I was constrained to stand in the street. Abundance of people assembled together, whom I exhorted, *To repent and believe the gospel*. The word of God fell heavy upon them, and I trust, broke some of the stony hearts.

Hence we rode over *the fens*, fifteen miles broad, and near thirty long, to *Coningsby*, where we found a numerous congregation, of a far different spirit. Scarce one of these but had *tasted*, more or less, *of the powers of the world to come*. After a comfortable opportunity here, we rode on to *Horncastle*. We were but roughly saluted at our entrance. And the mob increased more and more till six. I then began to preach in a yard near the market-place, to a large concourse of people. But their behaviour quite disappointed us; for there was no tumult, no noise, but an earnest attention through the whole congregation.

Thursday 5. I preached again at seven, to nearly the same congregation, and was again refreshed, by the remarkable decency and seriousness of their behaviour. At four in the afternoon I preached at *Marum in the Hill*, two miles from *Horncastle*. The number of people constrained me to preach without, and the rain, to shorten my sermon: though none went away. Indeed I believe none were present, who had not known some work of grace in their hearts.

Friday 6. We rode over *The Wolds* (a chain of hills) to *North-Elkington*, three miles from *Lowth*. The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, which drove full in our face, till we came to *Grimby*.

Sunday 8. The house was pretty well filled at eight. At two I was obliged to go into the old church-yard: where was such a concourse of people, as had hardly ever, they said, been seen at *Grimby* before. As many as the room would well contain, were present at the watch-night: and at seven in the morning. I then commended them to the grace of God.

Monday 9. I preached in the evening at *Laseby*: the next afternoon at *Ferry*, (after riding through much water and continued rain) and in the evening in the new house, at *Epworth*.

Friday 13. Having appointed to preach at *Awkborough* at one, I set out between seven and eight. I was in hopes of coming thither before church began; but I did not consider the *Lincolnshire* roads. With some difficulty we reached it before noon, and found there was no service at the church. I preached in the church-yard at one to a listening multitude: most of whom, I suppose, had never heard this kind of preaching before. Many of them were in tears, and pressed after me into the house where we met the Society. I could not but hope, that some of these will press into the kingdom of heaven.

Returning thence I called on Mr. *Romley* of *Burton*, one of my former parishioners, a lively, sensible

sensible man of eighty-three years old, by whom I was much comforted. An hour or two after, we took boat; but could not cross over. The violence of the stream swollen by the late rains, bore us down in spite of all we could do. Having striven against it a considerable time, we were obliged to cast anchor. After waiting some time, we got near the shore, and were towed up to the place of landing. A toilsome day was followed by a comfortable night. At half hour after eight the house at *Epworth* was well filled. And most of the congregation stayed, till the whole service was concluded.

It was on this day, that after the battle of *Bergen* in Germany, "Among the many wounded who were brought into *Frankfort upon the Mayne*, there was the right honourable *George, Charles Dykerny* Baron, Lieutenant-General of the Saxon troops, in the service of the King of France. He was born of an antient and noble family in *Silesia*, on April 10th, 1710, so that it was just on his birthday, he received his wound. He was of equal abilities as a minister in the closet, and a general in the field. In his younger years, he had gone through a regular course of study in the university, and made great proficiency in philosophy, especially in mathematics. Afterwards he studied polemic divinity, till he reasoned himself into an infidel. During his illness he shewed not the least desire of pious company or serious discourse, till the Surgeon let his valet de chambre know, that he could not live long. The man then asked his master, Whether he did not chuse to be visited by a clergyman? He answered with warmth, "I shall not trouble those gentlemen. I know well myself what to believe and do." His man not discouraged, continued thus, "My Lord, have you ever found me wanting in my duty, all the time I have been in your service?" He answered, "No." "Then, replied he, I will not be wanting now. The Surgeons count you past hopes of recovery; but every one is afraid to tell you so.

You

You stand on the brink of eternity. Pray, Sir, order a clergyman to be called." He paused a little, but soon gave his hand to his servant, thanked him for his honesty, and ordered him to send for me.* When I came, the man told me plainly, the General was a professed infidel. I went in, and after a short compliment, said, "I am told, my Lord, your life is near an end. Therefore I presume, without any ceremony, to ask you one plain question: is the state of your soul such, that you can entertain a solid hope of salvation?" He answered, "Yes." "On what do you ground this hope?" He replied, "I never committed any wilful sin. I have been liable to frailties; but I trust in God's mercy, and the merits of his Son, that he will have mercy upon me." These words he uttered very slowly, especially, *the merits of his Son*. I made the following reply. "I am apt to believe, you are not tainted with the grossest vices. But I fear, you a little too presumptuously boast, of never having committed wilful sin. If you would be saved, you must acknowledge your being utterly corrupted by sin, and consequently deserving the curse of God and eternal damnation. As to your hoping for God's mercy, *through the merits of his Son*, I beg leave to ask, Do you believe God has a Son? That his Son assumed our nature, in order to be our Saviour: that in the execution of his office; he was humbled unto death, even the death upon the cross, and that hereby he has given an ample satisfaction for us, and recovered our title to heaven?" He answered, "I cannot now avoid a more minute description of the true state of my soul. Let me tell you, Doctor, I have some knowledge of philosophy, by which I have chose for myself a way of salvation. I have always endeavoured to live a sober life, to the uttermost of my power: not doubting but the Being of all

* Dr. Fresenius, Senior of the Clergy at Frankfort.

beings, would then graciously accept me. In this way I stood in no need of Christ, and therefore did not believe on him. But if I take the scriptures to be a divine revelation, this way of mine I perceive is not the right one. I must believe in Christ, and through him come to God." I replied, "You say, if you take the scriptures to be a divine revelation!" He fetched a deep sigh, and said, "O God, thou wilt make me say, *because* I take the scriptures to be thy word." I said, "There are grounds and reasons enough to demonstrate the divine origin of christianity, as I could shew from its most essential principles, were not the period of your life so short. But we need not now that diffusive method. Faith being the gift of God. A poor sinner tottering on the brink of eternity, has not time to enquire about grounds and reasons. Rather betake yourself to earnest prayer for faith, which if you do, I doubt not but God will give it you." I had no sooner spoken these words, but pulling off his cap, and lifting up his eyes and hands, he cried out, "O Almighty God, I am a poor, cursed sinner, worthy of damnation. But Lord Jesus, eternal Son of God, thou diest for my sins also. It is through thee alone I can be saved. O give me faith, and strengthen that faith." Being extremely weak, he was obliged to stop here. A little after he asked, "Is faith enough for salvation?" "Yes, Sir, said I, if it be living faith." Methinks, said he, it is so already; and it will be more so by and by: let us pray for it." Perceiving he was very weak, to give him some rest, I retired into the next room. But he soon sent to call me. I found him praying, and Jesus was all he prayed for. I reminded him of some scriptures treating of faith in Christ, and he was much delighted with them. Indeed he was quite swallowed up by the grace of Jesus, and would hear of nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He cried out, "I do not know how it is with me. I never in my life felt such a change. I have power to
love

love Jesus, and to believe in him, whom I so long rejected. O my Jesus, how merciful art thou to me."

About noon I slept home; but he sent for me directly, so that I could scarce eat my dinner. We were both filled with joy, as partakers of the same grace which is in Jesus Christ; and that in such a manner, as if we had been acquainted together for many years. Many Officers of the army came to see him continually, to all of whom he talked freely of Jesus, of the grace of the Father in him, and of the power of the Holy Ghost through him: wondering without ceasing at his having found Jesus, and at the happy change, by which all things on this side eternity, were become indifferent to him.

In the afternoon he desired to partake of the Lord's-supper, which he received with a melting, praising, rejoicing heart. All the rest of the day he continued in the same state of soul. Toward evening he desired, that if his end should approach, I would come to him, which I promised. But he did not send for me till the next morning. I was told by his Valet, that he slept well for some hours, and then awaking, prayed for a considerable time, continually mentioning the name of our Lord, and his precious blood, and that he had desired several of the Officers, to make his conversation known to his Court, (that of the king of *Poland*.) After some discourse I asked, "Has your view of Christ and his redemption, been neither altered nor obscured since yesterday?" He answered, "Neither altered, nor obscured. I have no doubt, not even a remote one. It is just the same with me, as if I had always thus believed and never doubted. So gracious is the Lord Jesus to me a sinner."

This second day he was unwearied in prayer and exercises of faith. Toward evening he sent for me in haste. When I came, I found him dying, and in a kind of delirium; so I could do no more than give him now and then a word of comfort.

comfort. I prayed afterwards for him and those that were present, some of whom were of high birth and rank. I then by imposition of hands, as usual, gave him a blessing, which being done, he expired immediately. A royal Prince who was there (Prince *Xavier* of *Saxony*) could not forbear weeping. The rest of the Officers bewailed the loss of their General, yet praised God for having shewn such mercy toward him.

I wrote an account of it without delay to his mother, and had an immediate answer: she was a lady of seventy-two, of exemplary piety. She praised God for his mercy, adding, "That he had now answered the prayers, which she had never ceased to offer on his behalf for eleven years."

Sunday 15. (*Easter-day*) I preached at *Epworth* at eight, and then rode to *Haxey* church, where I was much refreshed by the decency and seriousness of the congregation. Between one and two I began preaching: so large a congregation was never seen here before. About five I preached at the Market-place in *Epworth*. I was drawing to a conclusion when the rain began. But it drove away only a few careless hearers: the bulk of the people did not stir till I concluded.

Wednesday 18. I set out for *Selby*. We were in hopes the roads would now be passable. And they were tolerable, till we came near the town; but here the late flood, had carried away the bank over which we were to ride, and left a great hole in its place. However, we made shift to lead our horses over a narrow path, where the water was fordable. The congregation at *Selby* obliged me to stand in the garden, though the North wind was exceeding high. At seven in the evening I preached at *York*.

Thursday 19. I visited two prisoners in the castle, which is, I suppose, the most commodious prison in *Europe*. Both of them seemed to be much convinced, and not far from the kingdom of God. At six I preached in the shell of the new house, to a numerous and serious audience.

Friday

Friday 20. The master of the Inn at *Tadcaster*, offering us the use of his garden, I preached to a well-behaved congregation, and about five found Mr. *Grimshaw*, and many of our brethren at *Leeds*. Saturday 21, at half hour past ten, we reached *Stainland* chapel, near *Eland*. It is a handsome building, near the top of a mountain, and surrounded with mountains on all sides. It was filled from end to end. Mr. *Grimshaw* read prayers, and I preached on part of the second lesson. In the room where I dressed myself were a young man and his sister, both ill of a fever. I know not that ever they heard the preaching; however I desired we might go to prayers. They presently melted into tears. O may God preach his gospel to their hearts!

I preached at *Manchester* in the evening, where we had at length a quiet audience. Wretched Magistrates, who by refusing to suppress, encouraged the rioters, had long occasioned continual tumults here; but some are now of a better spirit. And wherever Magistrates desire to preserve the peace, they have sufficient power to do it.

Tuesday 24. I rode over to *Maxfield*. Abundance of people ran together, but wild as colts untamed. Their noise quite drowned my voice at first; but in a while they were tolerably quiet. And before I had done, all but four or five lubberly men, seemed almost persuaded to be christians.

Sunday 29. I rode to *Stockport*, designing to preach at one o'clock. But we were at a loss for a place. We fixt at length on a Green near the Town's End: and we had a quiet and solemn opportunity.

In my return, I called to see a girl, about thirteen years of age. She had been in violent pain all over, with little intermission, for near twenty months. After I had spoke a few words, she said, "When I saw you before, I did not know the Lord: but now I know him, and am known of him."

him. I am his, and he is mine." I asked, "Do you never repine at your pain?" She said, "No: I have not a murmuring thought. I am happy, always happy. I would not change this bed of affliction for the palace of king *George*." I asked, "Are you not proud of this? Is pride taken out of your heart?" She answered, "I do not know. But I *feel* no pride. I feel that God is all." "But do you feel no fretfulness or peevishness?" "I cannot tell that I do. Pain sometimes makes me cry out when they stir me. But I do not fret at any thing." "Do you find no self-will?" "Not that I know: I desire nothing but that the will of God be done." "Do not you desire life or death?" "No; I leave all to him. But, if it was his will, I should be glad to die. The world is full of danger. I should be glad to leave it, and to be with Christ."

Monday 30. We had a numerous congregation at *Aston-bridge*, two or three miles from *Northwich*. Some large trees screened us both from the sun and wind. In the afternoon I rode on to *Chester*. It was well the wind was pretty high; for the sun shone as hot as it uses to do in the dog-days. Wednesday, May 2, I rode over to *Mould* in *Flintshire*, about twelve miles from *Chester*. The sun was very hot and the wind very cold. But as the place they had chose for me, was exposed both to the sun and the wind, the one balanced the other. And notwithstanding the *Chester* races which had drawn the rich away, and the Market-day, which detained many of the poor, we had a multitude of people, the serious part of whom soon influenced the rest: so that all but two or three remained uncovered, and kneeled down as soon as I began to pray.

Thursday 3. We crost over from *Chester* to *Liverpool*. The congregations here were exceeding large; but many of them seemed to be like wild asses colts. Yet God is able to make them wise unto salvation.

D

Sunday

Sunday 8. I received much comfort at the *old* church in the morning, and at *St. Thomas'* in the afternoon. It was as if both the sermons had been made for me. I pity those who can find no good at church! But how should they, if prejudice come between, an effectual bar to the grace of God?

Wednesday 9. I rode to *Downam-Green*, near *Wigan*, a town wicked to a proverb. We had a specimen of the manners of its inhabitants, in the behaviour of a man that met us, and accosted us with such language as would have become an inhabitant of the bottomless pit. One would have thought from their looks, that a good part of the congregation was of the same spirit. But in a short time the word of God prevailed, and all their fierceness melted away.

In the evening I preached at *Bolton*, and on Friday 11, about nine, at *Lower Darwent*, a small village near *Blackburn*. At *Lancaster* we were informed, it was too late to cross the sands. However we resolved to make the trial. We passed the seven-mile sand without difficulty, and reached *Fluckborough* about sun-set.

Saturday 12. Setting out early, we came to *Bootle*; about twenty-four measured miles from *Fluckborough*, soon after eight, having crossed the *Millam-Sand*, without either guide or difficulty. Here we were informed, that we could not pass at *Ravenglass*, before one or two o'clock: whereas had we gone on, (as we afterward found,) we might have passed immediately. About eleven we were directed to a Ford, near *Muncaster-Hall*, which they said, we might cross at noon. When we came thither, they told us, we could not cross. So we sat still till about one. We then found, we could have crossed at noon. However we reached *Whitehaven* before night. But I have taken my leave of the Sand-Road. I believe, it is ten measured miles shorter than the other: but there are four Sands to pass, so far from each other, that it is scarce possible to pass them all in a day:

a day : especially as you have all the way to do with a generation of liars, who detain all strangers as long as they can, either for their own gain, or their neighbours. I can advise no stranger to go this way : he may go round by *Kendal* and *Kerf-wick*, often in less time, always with less expence, and far less trial of his patience.

Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most Physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribed drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter, concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain ? (Which she would never have told, had she never been questioned about it :) from fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines, while that fretting continued ? Why then do not all Physicians consider, how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind ? And in those cases, which are utterly out of their sphere, call in the assistance of a Minister, as Ministers when they find the mind disordered by the body, call in the assistance of a Physician ? But why are these cases out of their sphere ? Because they know not God. It follows, no man can be a thorough Physician, without being an experienced christian.

Tuesday 15. I rode over to *Lorton*, a little village at the foot of a high mountain. Many came from a considerable distance, and I believe did not repent of their labour. For they found God to be a God both of the hills and valleys, and nowhere more present than in the mountains of *Cumberland*.

Thursday 17. I enquired into a signal instance of Providence. When a coal-pit runs far under the ground, it is customary here to build a partition-wall, from the bottom to the top of it, nearly from the shaft to within three or four yards of the end, in order to make the air cir-

culate, which then moves down one side of the wall, turns at the end, and moves briskly up on the other side. In a pit two miles from the town, which ran full four hundred yards under the ground, and had been long neglected, several parts of this wall were fallen down. Four men were sent down to repair it. They were about three hundred yards from the shaft, when the foul air took fire. In a moment it tore down the wall from end to end, and burning on till it came to the shaft, it then burst and went off like a large cannon. The men instantly fell on their faces, or they would have been burnt to death in a few moments. One of them who once knew the love of God, (*Andrew English*,) began crying aloud for mercy. But in a very short time his breath was stopped. The other three crept on their hands and knees, till two got to the shaft and were drawn up; but one of them died in a few minutes. *John M'Combe* was drawn up the next, burnt from head to foot, but rejoicing and praising God. They then went down for *Andrew*, whom they found senseless, the very circumstance which saved his life. For losing his senses, he lay flat on the ground, and the greatest part of the fire went over him: whereas had he gone forward on his hands and knees, he would undoubtedly have been burnt to death. But life or death was welcome. For God had restored the light of his countenance.

Saturday 19. One was shewing us the improvements, begun by *Sir William Lowther*. He had marked out places for new walks, and for tufts of trees, laid out a new plan for his gardens, begun to alter the house, and was preparing to make a little paradise round about it. But death came between. And how little loss was this, if it removed him to the paradise of God?

Sunday 20. I preached at eight in an open place at *The Gins*, a village on one side of the town. Many were there, who never did, and never would, come to the Room. O what a victory would

would Satan gain, if he could put an end to field-preaching! But that, I trust, he never will: at least not till my head is laid.

After preaching again at two, I took my leave of *Whitehaven*, and rode to *Cockermouth*. At six I preached at the end of the Market-house. High and low, rich and poor, attended. And by far the greater part of the audience seemed to be conscious, that God was there.

Monday 24. I preached at ten in the Market-place at *Wigton*, and came to *Solway-Frith*, just as the water was fordable. At some times it is so, three hours in twelve; at other times, barely one.

After making a short bait at *Rothwell*, we came to *Dumfries* before six o'clock. Having time to spare, we took a walk in the church-yard, one of the pleasiest places I ever saw. A single tomb I observed there, which was about a hundred and thirty years old. But the inscription was hardly legible.

Quandoquidem remanent ipsis quoque fata Sepulchris!

So soon do even our Sepulchres die! Strange, that men should be so careful about them! But are not many self-condemned therein? They see the folly, while they run into it. So poor *Mt. Prior*, speaking of his own tomb, has those melancholy words, "For this last *Piece of human Vanity*, I bequeath five hundred pounds."

Tuesday 22. We rode through a pleasant country, to *Thorny-hill*, near which is the grand seat of the Duke of *Queensborough*. How little did the late Duke imagine, that his son would plow up his Park, and let his house run to ruin! But let it go! In a little time the earth itself and all the works of it shall be burnt up.

Hence we rode through, and over huge mountains, green to the very top, to *Lead-hills*, a village containing five hundred families, who have had no Minister for these four years. So in *Scotland*, the poor have not the gospel preached! Who shall answer for the blood of these men?

Early in the evening we came to *Lismahagow*, a village not so large as *Lead-hills*. It has however two Ministers. Here also we walked down to the church-yard, by the side of which a little, clear river runs, near the foot of a high and steep mountain. The wood which covers this makes the walks that run on its sides, pleasant beyond imagination. But what taste have the good people of the town for this? As much as the animals that graze on the river-bank.

Wednesday 23. We took horse soon after four, and did not stop before we came to *Glasgow*: having hardly seen a cloud in the sky, since we set out from *Whitehaven*.

I preached at seven in the Poor-house: and at seven in the morning, Thursday 24. But in the evening we were obliged to be abroad, and I used great plainness of speech. All suffered the word of exhortation: some seemed to be a little affected.

Saturday 26. I found the little Society which I had joined here two years since had soon split in pieces. In the afternoon I met several members of the praying Societies; and shewed them what Christian Fellowship was, and what need they had of it? About forty of them met me on Sunday 27, in Mr. *Gillies's* Kirk, immediately after evening service. I left them determined to meet Mr. *Gillies* weekly, at the same time and place. If this be done; I shall try to see *Glasgow* again. If not, I can employ my time better.

At seven in the morning we had a numerous congregation, though small compared to that in the evening. Yet my voice was so strengthened, that I believe all could hear. I spoke very plain on, *Ye must be born again*. Now I am clear of the blood of this people. I have delivered my own soul.

Monday 28. I rode through *Edinburgh* to *Mus-selburgh*, and preached in the evening to a deeply attentive congregation. Wednesday 30, I rode on to *Dunbar*, and at six in the evening, preached in a large, open place, (as also the next day.) Both

poor

poor and rich quietly attended, though most of them shivering with cold: for the weather was so changed within a few days, that it seemed more like December than May.

Lodging with a sensible man, I enquired particularly into the present discipline of the *Scotch* parishes. In one parish, it seems there are twelve ruling Elders; in another there are fourteen. And what are these? Men of great sense and deep experience? Neither one, nor the other. But they are the *richest* men in the parish. And are the *richest* of course the *best* and the *wisest* men? Does the Bible teach this? I fear, not. What manner of governors then will these be? Why, they are generally just as capable of governing a parish, as of commanding an army.

About this time the work of God exceedingly increased under the Rev. Mr. B. near *Everton*. I cannot give a clearer view of this, than by transcribing part of the Journal of an eye witness.

Sunday, May 20. Being with Mr. B—— at *Everton*, I was much fatigued and did not rise. But Mr. B. did, and observed several fainting and crying out, while Mr. B—— was preaching. Afterward at Church, I heard many cry out, especially children, whose agonies were amazing: one of the eldest, a girl ten or twelve years old, was full in my view, in violent contortions of body, and weeping aloud, I think incessantly during the whole service. And several much younger children were in Mr. B——'s view, agonizing as this did. The Church was equally crowded in the afternoon, the windows being filled within and without, and even the outside of the pulpit to the very top; so that Mr. B—— seemed almost stifled by their breath. Yet feeble and sickly as he is, he was continually strengthened, and his voice for the most part distinguishable, in the midst of all the outcries. I believe there were present three times more men than women, a great part of whom came from far; thirty

thirty of them having set out at two in the morning, from a place thirteen miles off. The text was, *Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.* When the power of religion began to be spoke of, the presence of God really filled the place. And while poor sinners felt the sentence of death in their souls, what sounds of distress did I hear! The greatest number of them who cried or fell, were men: but some women, and several children, felt the power of the same Almighty Spirit, and seemed just sinking into hell. This occasioned a mixture of various sounds; some shrieking, some roaring aloud. The most general was a loud breathing, like that of people half strangled and gasping for life. And indeed almost all the cries were like those of human creatures, dying in bitter anguish. Great numbers wept without any noise: others fell down as dead: some sinking in silence; some with extreme noise and violent agitation. I stood on the pew seat, as did a young man in the opposite pew, an able-bodied, fresh, healthy countryman. But in a moment, while he seemed to think of nothing less, down he dropt with a violence inconceivable. The adjoining pews seemed shook with his fall: I heard afterward the stamping of his feet; ready to break the boards, as he lay in strong convulsions, at the bottom of the pew. Among several that were struck down in the next pew, was a girl, who was as violently seized as him. When he fell, Mr. B—— and I felt our souls thrilled with a momentary dread: as when one man is killed by a cannon-ball, another often feels the wind of it.

Among the children who felt the arrows of the Almighty, I saw a sturdy boy, about eight years old, who reared above his fellows, and seemed in his agony to struggle with the strength of a grown man. His face was red as scarlet. And almost all on whom God laid his hand, turned either very red, or almost black. When I returned,

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turned, after a little walk, to Mr. B——'s house, I found it full of people. He was fatigued, but said, he would nevertheless give them a word of exhortation. I stayed in the next room, and saw the girl whom I had observed so peculiarly distressed in the church, lying on the floor as one dead, but without any ghastliness in her face. In a few minutes we were informed of a woman filled with peace and joy, who was crying out just before. She had come thirteen miles, and is the same person, who dreamed Mr. B. would come to her village, on that very day, whereon he did come, though without either knowing the place or the way to it. She was convinced at that time just as we heard of her deliverance, the girl on the floor began to stir. She was then set in a chair: and after sighing a while, suddenly rose up, rejoicing in God. Her face was covered with the most beautiful smile I ever saw. She frequently fell on her knees, but was generally running to and fro, speaking these and the like words, "O, what can Jesus do for lost sinners! He has forgiven all my sins! I am in heaven! I am in heaven! O how he loves me! And how I love him?" Meantime I saw a thin, pale girl, weeping with sorrow for herself, and joy for her companion. Quickly the smiles of heaven came likewise on her, and her praises joined with those of the other. I also then laughed with extreme joy: so did Mr. B——, (who said, it was more than he could well bear.) So did all who knew the Lord, and some of those who were waiting for salvation: till the cries of them who were struck with the arrows of conviction, were almost lost in the sounds of joy.

Two or three well-drest young women, who seemed careless before, now felt the power of God, and cried out with a loud and bitter cry. Mr. B. about this time retired, and the Duke of M——, with Mr. A——, came in. They seemed inclined to make a disturbance, but were restrained,

restrained, and in a short time quietly retired. We continued, praising God with all our might : and his work went on as when Mr. B. was exhorting. I had for some time observed a young woman all in tears ; but now her countenance changed. The unspeakable joy appeared in her face, which quick as lightning was filled with smiles, and became a crimson colour. About the same time *John Keeling* of *Potton*, fell into an agony. But he grew calm in about a quarter of an hour, though without a clear sense of pardon.

Immediately after, a stranger well drest, who stood facing me, fell backward to the wall ; then forward on his knees, wringing his hands, and roaring like a bull. His face at first turned quite red, then almost black. He rose, and ran against the wall, 'till Mr. Keeling and another held him. He screamed out "O what shall I do, what shall I do? O for one drop of the blood of Christ!" As he spoke, God set his soul at liberty ; he knew his sins were blotted out ; and the rapture he was in, seemed too great for human nature to bear. He had come forty miles, to hear Mr. B. and was to leave him the next morning ; which he did with a glad heart, telling all who came in his way, what God had done for his soul.

I observed about the time that Mr. *Coe* (that was his name) began to rejoice, a girl, eleven or twelve years old, exceeding poorly drest, who appeared to be as deeply wounded, and as desirous of salvation as any. But I lost sight of her, 'till I heard the joyful sound, of another born in *Sion* : and found upon enquiry, it was her, the poor, disconsolate, gypsy-looking child. And now did I see such a sight, as I dont expect again on this side eternity. The faces of the three justified children, and I think of all the believers present, did really shine : and such a beauty, such a look of extreme happiness, and at the same time of divine love and simplicity, did I never

see

see in human faces till now. The newly justified eagerly embraced one another, weeping on each others necks for joy. Then they saluted all of their own sex, and besought both men and women to help them in praising God.

I have mentioned only one man, two women and three children at this time justified in the house, but have perhaps omitted some. And it is probable, there was more than one justified at the church, though but one came to speak of it; for all are not equally free to glorify God in the midst of his people. I with all who find the same salvation with Mr. Coe, were as ready to proclaim redeeming love!

Thursday 24. Mr. B—ll and I went to hear Mr. H—s at *Wrestlingworth*, four miles from *Everton*. We discoursed with him first, and were glad to hear, he had wholly given himself up to the glorious work of God, and that the power of the highest fell upon his hearers, as upon Mr. B—s's. While he was preaching, fifteen or sixteen persons felt the arrows of the Lord and dropt down. A few of these cried out with the utmost violence, and little intermission, for some hours: while the rest made no great noise, but continued struggling, as in the pangs of death. I observed besides these one little girl deeply convinced, and a boy, nine or ten years old. Both these, and several others, when carried into the parsonage-house, either lay as dead, or struggled with all their might. But in a short time, their cries increased beyond measure, so that the loudest singing could scarce be heard. Some at last called on me to pray, which I did: and for a time all were calm. But the storm soon began again. Mr. H—s then prayed, and afterward Mr. B—ll. But still though some received consolation, others remained in deep sorrow of heart.

Upon the whole I remark, That few antient people experience any thing of this work of God; and scarce any of the rich. These generally shew either an utter contempt of, or an enmity to it.

Indeed

Indeed so did Mr. *H—s* himself some time since: having so deep an aversion to it, that he denied the sacrament to those of his parish, who went to hear Mr. *B—e*. Neither of these gentlemen have much eloquence, but seem rather weak in speech: the Lord hereby more clearly shewing, That this is his own work. It extends into *Cambridgeshire*, to within a mile of the University; and about as far into *Huntingdonshire*; but flourishes most of all in the Eastern and Northern parts of *Bedfordshire*.

There were three farmers, in three several villages, who violently set themselves to oppose it. And for a time they kept many from going to hear. But all three died in a month. One of them owned the hand of the Lord was upon him, and besought him in the bitterness of his soul, to prolong his life, vowing to hear Mr. *B.* himself. But the Lord would not be entreated.

The violent struggling of many in the above mentioned churches, has broke several pews and benches. Yet it is common for people to remain unaffected there, and afterward drop down in their way home. Some have been found lying as dead in the road: others, in Mr. *B—e's* garden; not being able to walk from the church to his house, though it is not two hundred yards.

I have since received a letter from Mr. *B.* an extract of which I send you.

"On Sunday se'nnight, a man of *Wybersley*, a *Nathanael* indeed, was so filled with the love of God during morning prayer, that he dropt down, and lay as one dead for two hours. He had been so filled with love all the week before, that he was often for a time unable to work.

"On Sunday night last, as I was speaking in my house, there was a violent outcry. One soul was set at liberty. We sung near an hour, and the Lord released three more out of captivity.

"On Monday se'nnight Mr. *H—s* accompanied me to *Meldred*. On the way we called at a farmer's house. After dinner I went into his

his yard, and seeing near a hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached, for the first time, in the open air. Two persons were seized with strong convictions, fell down, and cried most bitterly. We then went to *Mel-dred*, where I preached in a field, to about 4000 people. In the morning at five Mr. *H—ks* preached in the same field, to about a thousand. And now the presence of the Lord was wonderfully among us. There was abundance of weeping and strong crying. And I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, near thirty received true heart-felt conviction. At ten we returned, and called again at the farmer's house. Seeing about a dozen people in the brew-house, I spoke a few words. Immediately the farmer's daughter dropt down in strong convictions. Another was miserably torn by Satan; but set at liberty before I had done prayer. At four I preached in my own house, and God gave the spirit of adoption to another mourner.

"On Monday last I went to *Shelford*, four miles from *Cambridge*, near twenty from *Everton*. The journey made me quite ill, being so weary with riding, that I was obliged to walk part of the way. When I came thither a table was set for me on the common; and to my great surprize, I found near ten thousand people round it, among whom were many gownsmen from *Cambridge*. I was hardly able to stand on my feet, and extremely hoarse with a cold. When I lifted up my foot, to get on the table, a horrible dread overwhelmed me. But the moment I was fixt thereon, I seemed as unconcerned as a statue. I gave out my text, (*Gal. iii. 10, 11.*) and made a pause, to think of something pretty to set off with; but the Lord so confounded me, (as indeed it was meet; for I was seeking, not his glory, but my own) that I was in a perfect labyrinth, and found if I did not begin immediately, I must go down without speaking. So I broke out with the first word that occurred, not knowing whether I

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should

Should be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to speak near an hour, without any kind of perplexity; and so loud that every one might hear; the audience behaved with great decency. When the sermon was over, I found myself so cool and easy, so chearful in spirit, and wonderfully strengthened in body, I went into a house, and spoke again near an hour, to about two hundred people. In the morning I preached again to about a thousand; Mr. H—s engaged to preach in *Orwell* field on Tuesday evening. I gave notice, that I designed to preach on Monday se'nnight at *Grandchester*, a mile from *Cambridge*.

"Mr. H—s and I have agreed to go into *Hertfordshire*; afterwards to separate, and go round the neighbourhood, preaching in the fields, wherever a door is opened, three or four days in every week—."

Believe me,

Your affectionate Servant,

J. B.

Friday, June 1. The rain began when we took horse, and attended us all the way to *Berwick*. When I was tolerably dry, I sent to the Mayor, who readily granted the use of the town-hall. Here I preached about seven to a drowsy congregation on, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* And again a little after seven in the morning, on *I would thou wert either hot or cold*. In the evening I preached in the court-house at *Alnwick*, to a people of quite another spirit: having the power as well as the form of godliness, and panting after the whole image of God.

Whitsunday 3. I preached at eight in the court-house, but it was much crouded and exceeding hot. So in the afternoon I went to the *Cross*, and cried aloud, in the name of my master, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*.

Monday 4. I preached in *Placey* square at one, to an earnest, loving congregation, and enquired of one of them, *James Gillies*, concerning a report

port I had heard the day before. He informed me, That "when he was a little child, he had just learned his Christ-cross row. But this he soon forgot. Between twenty and thirty he was deeply convinced of sin: at which time feeling a strong persuasion he could read, he went into a neighbour's house, took up a bible, and read distinctly, which he has done ever since."

After preaching I rode to *Newcastle*. Certainly if I did not believe there was another world, I should spend all my summers here, as I know no place in *Great Britain* comparable to it for pleasantness. But I seek another country, and therefore am content to be a wanderer upon earth.

Wednesday 6. I preached at *Gateshead-Fell*, to a numerous congregation. In earnestness the colliers of *Gateshead* utterly shame the colliers of *Kingswood*: Scarce thirty of whom think it worth while to hear the word of God on a week-day! not even when I preach. And here the house will scarce contain the week-day congregation of a local preacher!

Saturday 9. I rode to *Sunderland*, and preached in the shell of their house. The people of this town likewise are hungry for the word, and receive it with all gladness. Sunday 10. the house contained us at eight; but at one I was obliged to stand in the great street, and declared to an attentive multitude, *Ye must be born again*. In the evening I preached to some thousands at *Newcastle*, near the keelmen's hospital; if haply God might bring back some of them who ran well many years ago.

Wednesday 13. After preaching at the *Fell*, I rode to *Chester*. The congregation was deeply serious, both in the evening, and at five in the morning. Thence we crossed the country to *Newlands*, where I was met by poor *John Brown*, who has refrained from preaching, till he is fallen into deep despair. I preached on *I will heal their*
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backsliding.

backsliding. But the word did not reach his heart.

I never saw near so large a congregation at *Sheephill*, as we had at six in the evening. What is wanting in this whole country? Only more labourers.

Saturday 16. I rode to *Widdrington*, and preached at one to a congregation gathered from all parts. The court-house at *Alnwick* was pretty well filled in the evening; and in the morning, Sunday 17. we had a sound useful sermon at church, and a serious, well-behaved congregation. I preached in the market-place about five. And I trust God applied the word, *Ye must be born again.*

Monday 18. Having an uneasy horse, I was tired enough when we came into *Morpeth*. But after resting a while, I was strengthened to preach *Christ crucified*, in the market-place, to such a congregation as was never seen there before. And a solemn awe seemed to sit on every face, officers and gentlemen, as well as common people. After preaching at *Placey*, in the evening, I rode back to *Newcastle*.

Wednesday 20. I endeavoured to compose the little differences, which had much hurt the poor people at *Gateshead Fell*. O what zeal, what prudence and patience are requisite, to bear the manners of an untoward people, and to train them up in christian discipline, till they come to the full stature of *Christ*!

Thursday 21. I preached at *Nafferton* at one. As I was riding thence, one stopped me on the road and said, "Sir, do not you remember, when you was at *Prudhoe* two years since, you breakfasted at *Thomas Newton's*? I am his sister. You looked upon me, as you was going out, and said, "Be in earnest." I knew not then what earnestness meant, nor had any thought about it. But the words sunk into my heart, so that I could never rest any more, till I sought and found *Christ*."

Friday

Friday 22. I rode to S———, and preached to my old congregation of Colliers, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* After preaching, a servant of Mr. ——— came and said, "Sir, my master discharges you from preaching any more on his ground: not out of any disrespect to you: but he will *stand by the Church*:" "Simple master *Shallow*!" As *Shakespear* has it: wise master Rector, his Counsellor!

Saturday 23. I spoke to each of the Society in *Sunderland*. Most of the robbers, commonly called *smugglers*, have left us. But more than twice the number of honest people are already come in their place. And if none had come, yet should I not dare to keep those who *steal* either from the king or subject.

Sunday 24. I preached in the street at eight: about one at *South-Shields*, and at five in *North-Shields*. The greatest part of them seemed to hear, as for their lives. So are these lions also become lambs. O for zealous, active, faithful labourers! How *white are the fields unto the harvest*!

On Monday and Wednesday evening I preached abroad, near the Keelmen's hospital, to twice the people we should have had at the house. What marvel, the devil does not love field-preaching? Neither do I: I love a commodious room, a soft cushion, a handsome pulpit. But where is my zeal, if I do not trample all these under foot, in order to save one more soul?

Thursday 28. We had the General Meeting of the Stewards, by whom I found the Societies in this circuit, still contain about eighteen hundred members. I hope not many of these will be choaked by the thorns!

Friday 29. About eleven I set out for *Swalwell*, in a fair, mild morning. But in half an hour the rain poured down, so that in a few minutes I was wet from head to foot. And when I came thither, where to preach I knew not; for the house would not contain a third of the people. Just then the Dissenting Minister sent, to offer me the use of his

Meeting-House. I went thither without delay. There was a large congregation, and a blessing in the midst of them.

Saturday 30. I preached in *Wintington* at noon. The sun was very hot, and shone full upon my head. But the wind was very high and very cold; so that the one tempered the other, while I was declaring the grace of God, to a well-meaning multitude, who know little as yet, but are willing to know *the truth as it is in Jesus*. I preached at *Sheephill* in the evening and returned to *Newcastle* as fresh as I was in the morning.

Sunday, July 1. Between eight and nine, I preached to a quiet multitude in *Gateshead*. At two I preached in the *Fell*, to the largest congregation, which had ever been seen there: and in the evening, near the Keelmen's hospital, to full as many as my voice would reach. It was a season of love; and God caused the mountains to flow down at his presence.

While the Society was gathering, I went to a young woman, who was some days since suddenly struck with what they called *madness*. And so it was; but a diabolical madness; as plainly appeared from numerous circumstances. However after we had been at prayer, she fell asleep, and never raged or blasphemed after.

Monday 2. I rode to *Durham*, and went at one to the meadow by the river-side, where I preached two years ago. The congregation was now larger by one half; but the sun was so scorching hot upon my head, that I was scarce able to speak. I paused a little, and desired, God would provide us a covering, if it was for his glory. In a moment it was done: a cloud covered the sun, which troubled us no more. Ought *voluntary humility* to conceal these palpable proofs, that God still *heareth the prayer*?

Between two and three we took horse. The sun now shone again, and with so intense a heat, that I know not how we could have endured it, but that the wind came in our face, by the help
of

of which we got pretty well to *Hartlepool*. I suppose we had all the town with us in the evening, either in the street or the adjoining houses. And God was pleased to touch the hearts of many, even among this dull, heavy, sleepy people.

Tuesday 3, I wrote to Dr. Taylor as follows:

Hartlepool, July 3, 1759.

Rev. Sir,

"I esteem you, as a person of uncommon sense and learning; but your doctrine I cannot esteem. And some time since I believed it my duty, to speak my sentiments at large, concerning your doctrine of *Original Sin*. When Mr. *Newton* of *Liverpool* mentioned this, and asked, Whether you designed to answer, you said, "You thought not; for it would only be a *personal Controversy*, between *J. W—y*, and *J. T—r*." How gladly, if I durst, would I accept of this discharge, from so unequal a contest? For I am thoroughly sensible, humanly speaking, it is *formita contra Leonem*. How gladly, were it indeed no other, than a *personal controversy*? But certainly, it is not: it is a controversy *de re*, if ever there was one in the world. Indeed, concerning a thing of the highest importance; nay, all the things that concern our eternal peace. It is, *Christianity* or *Heathenism*? For take away the Scriptural doctrine of redemption or justification, and that of the new birth, the beginning of sanctification, or which amounts to the same, explain them as you do, suitably to your doctrine of *Original Sin*; and what is Christianity better than Heathenism? Wherein (save in rectifying some of our notions) has the religion of *St. Paul* any pre-eminence over that of *Socrates* or *Epictetus*?

This is therefore to my apprehension, the least a *personal controversy* of any in the whole world: your person and mine, are out of the question; the point is, Are those things that have been believed for many ages, throughout the christian world, real, solid truths, or *manish dreams* and vain imaginations?

But

But farther, it is certain, between you and me there need be no *personal* controversy at all. For we may agree, to leave each other's person and character, absolutely untouched, while we sum up and answer the several arguments advanced, as plainly and closely as we can.

Either I or you mistake the whole of christianity from the beginning to the end ! Either my scheme or yours is as contrary to the Scriptural as the *Koran* is. Is it mine or yours ? Yours has gone through all *England*, and made numerous converts. I attack it from end to end : let all *England* judge, whether it can be defended, or not ?

Earnestly praying, that God may give you and me a right understanding in all things,

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your servant for Christ's sake,

J. W."

Wednesday 4. Mr. Jones preached at five, I at eight. Toward the close of the sermon, a queer, dirty, clumsy man, I suppose a country wit, took a great deal of pains to disturb the congregation. When I had done, fearing he might hurt those which were gathered about him, I desired two or three of our brethren, to go to him, one after the other, and not say much themselves, but let him talk till he was weary. They did so, but without effect, as his fund of ribaldry seemed inexhaustible. W. A. then tried another way. He got into the circle close to him, and listening a while, said, "That is pretty : pray say it over again." "What are you deaf ?" "No : but for the entertainment of the people. Come : we are all attention." After repeating this twice or thrice, the wag could not stand it, but with two or three curses walked clear off.

In the evening, I began near *Stockton* Market-place, as usual. I had hardly finished the hymn, when I observed the people in great confusion, which was occasioned by a Lieutenant of a man of war, who had chosen that time to bring his
pres-

press-gang, and ordered them to take *Joseph Jones* and *William Alwood*. *Joseph Jones* telling him, "Sir, I belong to Mr. *Wesley*," after a few words, he let him go: as he did likewise *William Alwood*, after a few hours, understanding he was a licensed Preacher. He likewise seized upon a young man of the town. But the women rescued him by main strength. They also broke the Lieutenant's head, and so stoned both him and his men, that they ran away with all speed.

Friday 6. I rode on to *Yarm*. The heat of the day was hardly to be borne. But in the evening it was extremely pleasant. And the whole congregation were deeply serious.

At one I was at *Hutton-Rudby*, six miles South of *Yarm*, where they have just built a Preaching-house. But it would not contain a fourth of the congregation, and what place to chuse I could not tell, no shade being at hand, and the sun shining near as hot as it used to do in *Georgia*. Finding no other way, I stood in the street, near a house, which sheltered some of the people. The rest seemed not to know whether it was hot or cold: God so plenteously refreshed their souls. Much the same congregation was at *Potto* in the evening: and with the same blessing.

Having preached considerably longer both at noon and night than I am accustomed to do, I was so hoarse in the morning, Sunday 8, that I knew not what I should do to go through the work of the day. However I began it, by preaching on the Green at *Stokefley*, to a multitude of people. Thence I rode to *Gisborough*, at the foot of the mountains. The sun would have been unsupportable, but that we had a strong wind full in our face, for the greatest part of the day. At twelve we had a lovely congregation, in a meadow near the town, who drank in every word that was spoken, as the thirsty earth the showers. The sixteen miles, so called, from hence to *Robinhoods-Bay*, took us between five and six hours riding: so that when I came thither, I was quite exhausted.

exhausted. However I went to the Quay, where a large congregation was waiting. And all behaved well, but an honest tar, who was much disturbed at my saying, "No man is delivered from the fear of death, but he that fears God."

Tuesday 10. We took horse at half hour past three, and rode over the huge mountains to *Scarborough*. I began to preach near the main street at seven. The congregation was large, and some of them wild enough. But in a short time all were quiet and still. Nor did I hear one unkind word when I had done.

In the afternoon I rode to *York*, where I thought to rest a few days, being almost worn out. But it was judged quite necessary, I should go to *Hull*, lest the little flock should be discouraged. So on Friday 13, I set out early, and reached *Pocklington* between eight and nine. The last time I was here, they rung the bells, in order to drown my voice. But he who then paid the ringers is run away. So I had a quiet and serious audience. I had a far *finer* congregation at *Hull*. So for once, *the rich have the gospel preached!*

At night *Charles Delamotte* called upon me, and seemed to be the same loving, simple man still. I should not repent my journey to *Hull*, were it only for this short interview.

Saturday 14. I preached at eight in Mr. *Helton's* yard, near the great street in *Beverley*; and was surprized to see so quiet and civil a congregation, where we expected nothing less. All the men were uncovered, and the whole audience was attentive, from beginning to end: nor did one person give us a rude word, while we rode from one end of the town to the other. This, with the large and earnest congregation at *York* in the evening, made me forget all my labour.

Sunday 15. I began reading to the Society an account of the late work of God at *Everton*. But I could not get through. At first there were only silent tears on every side. But it was not long, before several were unable to refrain from weeping aloud.

aloud. And quickly a stout young man dropt down, and roared as in the agonies of death. I did not attempt to read any farther, but began wrestling with God in prayer. We continued herein till nine o'clock. What a day of jubilee was this!

Tuesday 17. I left *York*, and about noon I preached at *Tadcaster*. Distant thunder did not lessen the number, but increased the seriousness of the congregation, who appeared entirely different from those I saw here two years ago.

At seven in the evening I preached to an immense congregation, at the foot of a high mountain near *Otley*, Wednesday 18. I rode on to Mr. *Marshall's* at *Guiseley*, the *Capua* of *Yorkshire*.

Hic nemus, hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata.

'Tis well, God is here: or who could bear it?

Hence we rode to *Kighley*, where is a loving, earnest, well-established people. Here many of our preachers met me, and many of our brethren: and God was with us in all our assemblies.

Friday 20. We went on to *Coln*, (formerly, I suppose, a *Roman* colony) situate on the top of a high, round hill, at the edge of *Pendel-forest*. I preached at eleven in an open space not far from the main street. And I have seldom seen a more attentive or decently behaved congregation. How is the scene changed, since the drunken mob of this town, used to be a terror to all the country?

We rode to *Broad-Clough* in the afternoon, a lone house in the midst of the *Lancashire* mountains. The people came in from all quarters, and it was a season of great refreshment. Among the rest was Mr. *M—r*, who gave us an account of his late trials. I wonder the butcher (*Doctor* so called) to whom he was committed, did not murder him. He took true pains so to do. But his chain did not reach so far.

Saturday

Saturday 21. Mr. *Grimshaw* led us to *Gawtham*, another lone house, on the side of an enormous mountain. The congregation stood and sat, row above row, in the sylvan theatre. I believe nothing on the postdiluvian earth can be more pleasant, than the road from hence, between huge, steep mountains, cloathed with wood to the top, and washed at the bottom by a clear, winding stream. At four I preached to a very large congregation at *Heptonstall*, and thence rode on to *Haworth*.

Sunday 22. At ten Mr. *Milner* read prayers. But the church would not near contain the congregation. So after prayers, I stood on a scaffold close to the church, and the congregation in the church yard. The communicants alone filled the church. In the afternoon the congregation was nearly doubled. And yet most of these were not curious hearers, but men fearing God.

Monday 23. I preached near *Huddersfield*, to the wildest congregation I have seen in *Yorkshire*. Yet they were restrained by an unseen hand, and I believe some felt the sharpness of his word. I preached at *Halifax* in the evening: but the preaching-house was like an oven. Tuesday 24, the house was well filled at five. About seven in the evening I preached at *Bradford*, at the door of the house, as it could not contain one half of the congregation. Wednesday 25. I talked with most of those, whom *Edward Hales* had torn from their brethren. Just as he was coming to widen the breach, it pleased God to take him to himself. The wanderers were now willing to return, and I received them again, I trust, for ever.

Thursday 26. I preached in *Gildersham* at noon, and at *Mortley* in the evening. A flame is suddenly broke out here, where it was least of all expected. And it spreads wider and wider. When God will work, who is able to stay his hand?

Sunday 29. I preached about eight at *Birstal*. The congregation covered a great part of the field

field, and my voice was exceedingly strengthened, so that I believe all could hear. At one I enforced those solemn words on an immense multitude, *This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.*

I shall easily be excused for adding here a farther account, of the work of God, in and near *Exerton*. "On Monday, July 9. I set out, and on Wednesday noon reached *Pottan*, where I rejoiced at the account given by *John Keeling* of himself and others. He was justified, it seems, on that memorable sabbath, but had not a clear witness of it till ten days after: about which time his sister, (who was on that day in great distress) was also set at liberty. I discoursed also with *Ann Thorn*, who told me of much heaviness following the visions with which she had been favoured: but said, she was at intervals visited still with much overpowering love and joy, especially at the Lord's Supper, that she often lay in a trance for many hours. She is twenty-one years old. We were soon after called into the garden, where *Patty Jenkins*, (one of the same age) was so overwhelmed with the love of God, that she sunk down, and appeared as one in a pleasant sleep, only with her eyes open. Yet she had often just strength to utter, with a low voice, ejaculations of joy and praise: but no words coming up to what she felt, she frequently laughed while she saw his glory. This is quite unintelligible to many: for a stranger intermeddleth not with our joy. So it was to Mr. M—, who doubted whether God or the devil, had filled her with love and praise. O the depth of human wisdom! Mr. R— the meantime was filled with a solemn awe. I no sooner sat down by her, than the spirit of God poured the same blessedness into my soul. Hers continued till the time we were to set out for *Cockin Hatley*. Then her strength was restored in a moment, and we walked together, sixteen in number, singing to the Lord as we went along.

F

Mr. Hickes

Mr. *Hickes* preached an excellent sermon, on the *strait gate*. The next morning, Thursday 12. he gave me leave, to take an extract from his journal. But I had only time to write the occurrences of one morning, as follows.

"June 6, 1759. I spoke this morning at *Orwell*, on *Isaiah* lv. 1. One who had been before convinced of sin, fell down in a kind of fit, broke out, in great anguish of soul, calling on the Lord Jesus for salvation. He wrought, as in the agonies of death, and was quite bathed in sweat. He beat the chair against which he kneeled, as one whose soul drew nigh unto hell. His countenance then cleared up at once, and we hoped he would be presently set at liberty. But on a sudden he was more distressed than ever, being in the sharpest conflict. Every muscle of his body was in strong agitation, as if nature was just dissolving. I never saw any convulsion fit so violent; but in a moment God dispelled the cloud. His face was again covered with smiles, and he spake, as seeing the Lord near him. He cried unto him, and the Lord hearing, pronounced him freely forgiven. At that instant he clapped his hands and cried aloud, "Jesus is mine! He is my Saviour!" His soul was in peace; neither did he find the least bodily pain or soreness. I asked, "For what would you undergo this again?" He said, "Not for all the world. But I would suffer more rather than be without Christ. Yea, for his sake, I would suffer all things." *An unwise man doth not consider this: a fool doth not understand it.*

This morning *Ann Simpson*, aged sixteen or seventeen, lay near an hour in the utmost distress, shrieking out, "Christ! Christ!" and no other word; her face all the time being distorted. I left her a while, but could scarce sit down, before I heard the voice of praise. I went, and found her heaviness turned into joy, even the joyful assurance that *her sins were pardoned*. She sprang by me to a young woman, who lay in a kind of

trance,

trance, and clasped her in her arms, breathing forth praise to God. I retired again, but had not been long seated, e'er she came in, running to me in a transport of praise. I asked her, "Why she cried out continually, Christ, Christ!" She answered, "I thought myself at that time on a little island, and saw Satan in a hideous form, just ready to devour me, hell all round open to receive me, and myself ready to drop in, while no help appeared, nor any way to escape. But just as I was dropping in the Lord appeared, between me and the great gulf; and would not let me fall into it. As soon as I saw him, all my trouble was gone, and all the pain I felt before. And ever since I have been light and joyful, and filled with the love of God."

So far Mr. *Hickes*: who told me, he was first convinced of sin, August 1, 1758; and finding peace in about six weeks, first preached the gospel on September 17. From that time he was accounted a fool and a madman! About four thousand souls seem to be awakened by Mr. *B.* and him within this twelve-months.

Friday 13. Mr. *R*——, as well as Mr. *M*——, was in doubt, concerning the work of God here. But this morning they were both fully convinced, while *Alice Miller*, the little pale girl, justified May 20, (who is in the sixteenth) and *Molly Raymond*, who is in the twelfth year of her age, related their experience, their artless confidence confirming all their words. We walked this forenoon to *Tadlow in Cambridgeshire*, to hear Mr. *B.*; but came too late for the sermon. However the account we received of the wonderful works of God, in this and the neighbouring places, were matter of great rejoicing to me, as are all manifestations of the world to come.

Saturday 14. Mr. *B.* being ill, desired me to exhort a few people, in his house: which the Lord enabled me to do, with such ease and power, that I was quite amazed. The next morning at seven his servant *Caleb Price*, spoke to about two

hundred people. The Lord was wonderfully present: more than twenty persons feeling the arrows of conviction. Several fell to the ground: some of whom seemed dead; others, in the agonies of death; the violence of their bodily convulsions, exceeding all description. There was also great crying and agonizing in prayer, mixt with deep and deadly groans on every side.

When sermon was ended, one brought good tidings to Mr. B. from *Grandchester*: that God had there *broken down* seventeen persons last week by the singing of hymns only: and that a child, seven years old, sees many visions, and astonishes the neighbours, with her innocent, awful manner of declaring them.

While Mr. B. preached in the church, I stood with many in the church-yard, to make room for those who came from far. Therefore I *saw* little, but *heard* the agonizing of many, panting and gasping after eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was constrained by the multitude of people, to come out of the church and preach in his own close. Some of those who were here pricked to the heart, were affected in an astonishing manner. The first man I saw wounded, would have dropped; but others catching him in their arms, did indeed prop him up, but were so far from keeping him still, that he caused all of them to totter and tremble. His own shaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It seemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck, and shaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her hands, filling them with dust and with the hard-trodden grass: on which I saw her lie, with her hands clinched, as one dead when the multitude dispersed. Another roared and screamed in a more dreadful agony than ever I heard before. I omitted the rejoicing of believers, because of their number, and the frequency thereof: though the manner was strange; some of them being quite overpowered with divine love, and only shewing enough of natural life to let us know, they were overwhelmed

overwhelmed with joy and life eternal. Some continued long as if they were dead, but with a calm sweetness in their looks. I saw one, who lay two or three hours in the open air, and being then carried into the house, continued insensible another hour, as if actually dead. The first sign of life she shewed was a rapture of praise intermixt with a small joyous laughter.

Monday 16. Mr. B. this evening preached in his house, where I observed *Molly Raymund* leaning all the while as if asleep. I wondered, she was not gone home, and was concerned, that so little a girl should have so far to go in the dark without company. But Mr. B. told me, neither she nor the other justified children were afraid of any thing.

Tuesday 17. We walked toward *Harlston*, near which Mr. B. overtook us. He was greatly fatigued and dejected, and said, "I am now so weak, I must leave off field-preaching." Nevertheless he cast himself on the Lord, and stood up to preach, having near three thousand hearers. He was very weak at first, and scarce able to speak: but God soon performed his promise, imparting new strength to him, and causing him to speak with mighty power. A great shaking was among the dry bones. Intessant were the cries, groans, wringing of hands, and prayers of sinners, now first convinced of their deplorable state. After preaching he was lively and strong, so that the closeness of a crowded room, neither affected his breath, nor hindered his rejoicing over two children, one about eight, the other about six years old, who were crying aloud to God for mercy.

Not only *Harlston*, but *Stapleford* and *Triplow*, to which Mr. B. was now going, were places in which he had never preached the gospel, and probably never would have done, had it not been for the thundering sermons made against him, from their several pulpits. So does Satan frequently overshoot himself, and occasion the downfall of his own kingdom.

I had been very ill the preceding week. Wherefore last night I had recourse to God in prayer: and this morning, instead of rising with difficulty, at eight or nine, as I had usually done, I rose with ease at five; and instead of losing my strength in a mile or two, I walked eighteen, without weakness or weariness.

Wednesday 18. We called at the house, where Mr. B. had been preaching in the morning, and found several there rejoicing in God, and several mourning after him. While I prayed with them, many crouded into the house, some of whom burst into a strange, involuntary laughter, so that my voice could scarce be heard, and when I strove to speak louder, a sudden hoarseness seized me. Then the laughter increased. I perceived it was from Satan, and resolved to pray on. Immediately the Lord rebuked him; that laughter was at an end, and so was my hoarseness. A vehement wrestling with God ran through the whole company, whether sorrowful or rejoicing: till beside the three young women of the house, one young man, and a girl about eleven years old, who had been counted one of the wickedest in *Harleston* were exceedingly blest with the consolations of God.

Among those under conviction was an elderly woman, who had been a scoffer at the gospel, and a keen ridiculer of all that cried out: but she now cried louder than any present. Another I observed, who had known the Lord about five and twenty years. When Mr. B. first brought the gospel to her ears, she was filled with gladness: knowing, this was the same salvation, which God had long ago brought to her heart.

We walked hence to the middle of *Shelford* moor; and seeing no person but a young woman who kept sheep, the solitude invited us to stop and sing a hymn: the sound whereof reaching her, she came up slowly, weeping as she came, and then stood by a brook of water, over against us, with the tears running down her cheeks apace.

We

We sung another hymn for this mourner in Sion, and wrestled for her with God in prayer. But he did not yet comfort her. And indeed I have observed of the people in general who hear Mr. B. their convictions are not only deep and violent, but last a long time. Wherefore those that are offended at them who rejoice, should consider how terrible a cup they received first. Now they are all light: but they well remember the darkness and misery, the wormwood and the gall.

We met Mr. B. at *Stapleford*, five miles from *Cambridge*. His heart was particularly set on this people, because he was Curate here five or six years; but never preached a gospel sermon among them till this evening. About fifteen hundred persons met in a close to hear him, great part of whom were laughers and mockers. The work of God however quickly began among them that were serious: while not a few endeavoured to make sport, by mimicking the gestures of them that were wounded. Both these and those who rejoiced in God, gave great offence to some stern-looking men, who vehemently demanded to have those wretches horse-whipt out of the close. Need we wonder at this, when several of his own people, are unwilling to let God work in his own way? And well may Satan be enraged at the cries of the people, and the prayers they make in the bitterness of their souls: seeing we know these are the chief times at which Satan is cast out.

However in a while many of the scoffers were weary and went away. The rest continued as insensible as before. I had long been walking round the multitude, feeling a jealousy for my God, and praying him to make the place of his feet glorious. My patience at last began to fail, and I prayed, "O King of glory, break some of them in pieces; but let it be to the saving of their souls." I had but just spoke, when I heard a dreadful noise, on the farther side of the congregation, and turning thither saw one *Thomas Skinner* coming forward, the most horrible human figure

I ever

I ever saw. His large wig and hair were coal-black; his face distorted beyond all description. He roared incessantly, throwing and clapping his hands together with his whole force. Several were terrified, and hasted out of his way. I was glad to hear him, after a while, pray aloud. Not a few of the triflers grew serious; while his kindred and acquaintance, were very unwilling to believe even their own eyes and ears. They would fain have got him away; but he fell to the earth, crying, "My burden! My burden! I cannot bear it!" Some of his brother scoffers were calling for horse-whips, till they saw him extended on his back at full length. They then said, he was dead. And indeed the only sign of life was the working of his breast, and the distortions of his face, while the veins of his neck were swelled, as if ready to burst. He was just before the chief Captain of Satan's forces: none was by nature more fitted for mockery. None could swear more heroically, to whip out of the close, all who were affected by the preaching. His agonies lasted some hours. Then his body and soul were eased.

When Mr. B. had refreshed himself a little, he returned to the close, and bid the multitudes take warning by *Skinner*, who still lay roaring and tormented on the ground. All the people were now deeply serious: and several hundreds, instead of going when Mr. B. dismissed them, stayed in Mr. *Jennings's* yard. Many of these, especially men, were truly broken in heart. Mr. B. talked with as many as could come into the house: and seeing what numbers stood hungry without, sent me word to pray with them. This was a grievous cross: I knew it was the Lord's will, but felt such weakness of body and sinking of spirit, and was withal so hoarse, that I supposed few could hear, out of some hundreds who stood before me. However I attempted: and in a moment the Lord poured upon me such a spirit of supplication, and gave me so clear, strong an utterance

utterance that it seemed I was another man: a farther instance, that the servants of God are not sent a warfare, on *their own* charge.

No sooner had I finished than we were called to see *John Dennis*, aged 20 years, who lay on a table. His body was stiff and motionless as a statue. His very neck seemed as if made of iron. He was looking stedfastly up to heaven, and praying aloud with a melodious voice. His words surprized Mr. *B.* as well as me: who said to the assembly, "You need no better Preacher: none can tell you the truths of the gospel more clearly." And indeed his prayer unfolded the whole christian system, with the greatest accuracy. When he came out of the fit, he was in perfect health; but declared, he knew not a word of all he had spoken. His mother then informed us, "He had had these fits for two years, at least once a day. But he never spoke in any fit, till three weeks ago: ever since he prays in them, as to night, but is himself as ignorant of the matter, as if he had been dead all the time."

It was late when I went to lodge about half a mile off, where I found a young woman reading hymns, and the power of the Lord falling on the hearers, especially one young man; who cried aloud in such bitter anguish, that I soon desired we might join in prayer. This was the seventh time of my praying in public that day: and had I been faithful, I should probably have prayed seven more.

Thursday 19. I returned to Mr. *J—gs's*, who had set out at four in the morning, to hear Mr. *B.* at *Grandchester*. He came soon after me, but was scarce able to speak. I never saw a man sweat in such a manner: the large drops seeming fixt all over his face, just like beads of glass. The congregation at *Grandchester* this morning consisted of about a thousand persons, among whom the Lord was wonderfully present, convincing a far greater number now, than even last night. Mr. *J—gs* was a mild, good-natured pharisee, who never
had

had been awakened. But he was now thoroughly convinced of his lost estate, and stood for a time in utter despair, with his mouth wide open, his eyes staring, and full of huge dismay. When he found power to speak, he cried out, "I thought I had led a good life! I thought, I was not so bad as others! But I am the vilest creature upon earth! I am dropping into hell! Now, now: this very moment!" He then saw hell open to receive him, and Satan ready to cast him in. But it was not long before he saw the Lord Jesus, and knew he had accepted him. He then cried aloud, in an unspeakable rapture, "I have got Christ! I have got Christ!" For two hours he was in the visions of God. Then the joy, though not the peace, abated.

I had left Mr. *J—gs* but a little while, when I heard *John Dennis* loudly praising God. I no sooner kneeled by him, than the consolations of God came upon me, so that I trembled and wept much. Nor was the spirit poured out upon us alone: all in the house were partakers of it. *J. D.* was kneeling when his fit came. We laid him on the ground, where he soon became stiff as last night, and prayed in like manner. Afterwards his body grew flexible by degrees, but was convulsed from head to foot. When he was quite recovered, he said, "He was quite resigned to the will of God, who gave him such strength in the inner man, that he did not find any of these things grievous, neither could ask to be delivered from them."

I walked from *Stapleford* with twenty persons, to hear Mr. *B.* at *Triplow*, and saw many other companies, some before, some behind, some on either hand, going the same way. This brought to my mind the words of *Zechariah*, *And the inhabitants of one city should go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord: and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also.*

Fifteen hundred or two thousand were assembled in the close at *Triplow*. The only unpolished

polished part of the audience, were a few gentlemen on horseback. They were much offended at the cries of those in conviction, but much more at the rejoicing of others, even to laughter. But they were not able to look them in the face, for half a minute together. I looked after service at every ring which the people made about those that fell under the word. Here and there was a place with only one, but there were generally two or three together; and on one spot, no less than seven, who lay on the ground as if slain in battle. I soon followed Mr. B. to the house, and found both it and the orchard filled with serious people; to whom he spake till his strength failed, and then seeing them unwilling to depart, desired me to dismiss them with a prayer. I felt great reluctance; but so mightily, when I began, came the spirit upon me, that I found no want of utterance, while I was praying with about two thousand persons. I thought they had then gone away; but perceived an hour after, most of them were still in the house or orchard: sighs and groans, prayers, tears, and joyful praise, being intermixt on every side.

Friday 20. I was wakeful before five; but conferring with flesh and blood, I slept again. Mr. B. sent for me at seven. But I was then so weak, I could not go, till the people were dispersed. Three times more persons were struck with convictions this morning, than had been last night. Mr. B. had prayed with them till near fainting, who then sent for me to come. And who knows what God might have done even by me, if I had not been indulging my vile body? I was glad to see a woman, supposed the chief sinner in the town, now rolling on the earth, screaming and roaring in strong convictions. The man of the house informed us, of her having had nine or ten children by whoredom, and that being at last married, her husband was more angry with her for hearing the word, than he would probably have been for committing adultery. Nor was her

Minister

Minister displeased, that she ever came to church, but mightily strove to prevent both her, and all the sinners of his parish from going to hear the gospel. I observed also a beggar girl, seven or eight years old, who had scarce any cloaths but a ragged piece of old rug. She too had felt the word of God as a two-edged sword, and mourned to be covered with Christ's righteousness.

From *Triplow* I walked to *Orwell*, and thence to *Evertan*, in weakness of body and heaviness of spirit. Mr. B. was preaching when I came in. Here God again refreshed my soul. I shook from head to foot, while tears of joy ran down my face, and my distress was at an end.

Saturday 21. I was troubled for some of our brethren, who began to doubt, whether this was a work of God or of the devil? *John Keeling* in particular, who instead of his frank lively zeal, and happiness in God, was now filled with gloomy discontent, and grown dark, sullen and reserved. As we were walking together, he told me, it was his resolution, to "keep himself to himself: to let them who struggled so, struggle as they would, and leave all those to themselves, whom Satan cast into visions or trances, till Satan brought them out again." "But, (he added) I am so uneasy, I do not know what to do: and most of our people begin to shun one another." The snare was now broken. He saw the delusion he had been in, and I trust, will hereafter shun the troublers of *Israel*.

Sunday 22. The church was quite filled, and hundreds were without. And now the arrows of God flew abroad, the inexpressible groans, the lamenting, praying, roaring, were so loud, almost without intermission, that we who stood without could scarce help thinking, all in the church were cut to the heart. But upon enquiry we found, about two hundred persons, chiefly men cried aloud for mercy: but many more were affected, perhaps as deeply, though in a calmer way.

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I rejoiced to see many from *Cambridgeshire*, particularly *John Dennis*, *Thomas Skinner*, and the sorrowful young woman with whom we had prayed on *Shelford* moor. Now too came good news from several parts, especially *Grandchester*; where ten more persons were cut to the heart, in singing hymns among themselves: and the little child before-mentioned continues to astonish all the neighbourhood. A noted Physician came some time ago, and closely examined her. The result was, he confest, "It was no distemper of mind, but the hand of God."

I sought for *Thomas Skinner* after morning service, and found him with many more singing hymns under a tree. When they stopt I asked, "How do you find your mind now?" Instead of speaking, he looked upon me with great steadiness, fetched a deep sigh, burst out into tears and prayers, and throwing himself along on the ground, fell into more and more agony, till he roared aloud. I told him how great a sinner I had been: but the more I spoke, the more was he distressed. Wherefore *John Dennis* and I went to prayer for him: but his deliverance was not yet. Make him, O Lord, a greater champion for thy truth, than ever he was against it.

Mr. *B.* preached in his close this afternoon, though in great bodily weakness. But when he is weakest, God so strengthens him, that it is surprising to what a distance his voice reaches. I have heard Mr. *Whitefield* speak as loud: but not with such a continued, strong, unbroken tenor.

Monday 23. Mr. *Keeling* and I walked to *Barford*. I was relating there, how God had plucked such a brand as me out of the burning; but my voice was quickly stopt by rejoicing. And I have often found, that nothing I can say, makes so much impression on myself or others, as thus repeating my own conversion.

The first time I saw Mr. *B.* was June 2, 1758. But I scarce thought of him again till June 7, as I was walking up to *Luton Down*. There an

awful sense of God's presence fell upon me, and my voice grew louder and louder, in proportion to the joy of my soul, with a strong impulse, to pray for the success of Mr. B's labours. And such a foresight did the Lord give me, of what he was bringing to pass through his ministry, that I was quite overwhelmed for near an hour, till my voice was lost and only tears remained. And O! how graciously has the God of truth accomplished all those things! With what delight hast thou since caused me to walk round the walls of thy Sion, to mark well her bulwarks, and count the towers thereof?"

Wednesday, August 1. A few of us spoke freely and largely to a brother who had been overtaken in a fault, and endeavoured to restore him in the spirit of meekness. Having great hope, that God would restore his usefulness as well as his strength.

Thursday 2. I rode to *Sheffield*, and preached at one to a large and quiet congregation. I was afterward desired to visit Mr. *Dodge*, curate of the New Church. I found him on the brink of eternity, rejoicing in God his Saviour. Thence I went to *Rotherham*, and talked with five men and six women (as I had done with many others before in various places) who believe they are saved from sin. And this fact I believe, that they rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks: I believe, they feel nothing but love now. What they will do, I leave to God.

Friday 3. I preached at *Gainsborough*, in Sir *Nevil Hickman's* great hall. It is full as large as the weaver's hall in *Bristol*. At two it was filled with a rude, wild multitude, (a few of a better spirit excepted.) Yet all but two or three gentlemen were attentive, while I enforced our Lord's words, *What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.* I was walking back through a gaping, staring croud, when Sir *Nevil* came and thanked me for my sermon, to the no small amazement of his neighbours, who shrunk back as if they had seen a ghost. Thence

I rode

I rode to *North-Scarle*, the last village in *Lincolnshire*, ten miles short of *Newark*. Here a great multitude assembled from various parts, most of them wholly unacquainted with the ways of God; indeed very many understood me no more, than if I was talking *Greek*. O what a condition is the bulk of *reformed christians* in, to this day!

Saturday 4. As we took horse the rain began, and accompanied us till we alighted in the evening. Sunday 5. between eight and nine, I reached *Everton*, faint and weary enough. During the prayers, as also during the administration of the sacrament, a few persons cried aloud. But it was not from sorrow or fear, but love and joy. The same I observed in several parts of the afternoon service. In the evening I preached in Mr. *Hiches'* church. Two or three persons fell to the ground, and were extremely convulsed; but none cried out. One or two were filled with strong consolation.

Monday 6. I talked largely with *Ann Thorn*, and two others who had been several times in trances. What they all agreed in was, 1. That when they *went away*, as they termed it, it was always at the time they were fullest of the love of God: 2. That it came upon them in a moment, without any previous notice and took away all their senses and strength: 3. That there were some exceptions; but generally from that moment, they were in another world, knowing nothing of what was done or said, by all that were round about them.

About five in the afternoon, I heard them singing hymns. Soon after Mr *B.* came up, and told me, *Alice Miller* (fifteen years old) was fallen into a trance. I went down immediately, and found her sitting on a stool and leaning against the wall, with her eyes open and fixt upward. I made a motion as if going to strike; but they continued immoveable. Her face shewed an unspeakable mixture of reverence and love, while

silent tears stole down her cheek. Her lips were a little open, and sometimes moved; but not enough to cause any sound. I do not know whether I ever saw a human face look so beautiful. Sometimes it was covered with a smile, as from joy mixing with love and reverence. But the tears fell still, though not so fast. Her pulse was quite regular. In about half an hour I observed her countenance change, into the form of fear, pity and distress. Then she burst into a flood of tears, and cried out, "Dear Lord! They *will* be damned! They *will* all be damned!" But in about five minutes her smiles returned, and only love and joy appeared in her face. About half an hour after six, I observed distress take place again; and soon after she wept bitterly, and cried out, "Dear Lord, they *will* go to hell! The world *will* go to hell!" Soon after she said, "Cry aloud! Spare not!" And in a few moments her look was composed again, and spoke a mixture of reverence, joy and love. Then she said aloud, "Give God the glory." About seven her senses returned. I asked, "Where have you been?" "I have been with my Saviour." "In heaven or on earth?" "I cannot tell: but I was in glory!" "Why then did you cry?" "Not for myself: but for the world; for I saw they were on the brink of hell." "Whom did you desire to give the glory to God?" "Ministers that cry aloud to the world. Else they will be proud. And then God will leave them, and they will lose their own souls."

I preached at eight on *The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God.* The whole congregation was earnestly attentive. But not above one or two cried out. And I did not observe any one that fainted away, either then or in the morning. I have generally observed more or less of these outward symptoms, to attend the beginning of a general work of God. So it was in *New-England, Scotland, Holland, Ireland,* and many parts of *England.* But after a time they gradually

gradually decrease, and the work goes on more quietly and silently. Those whom it pleases God to employ in his work, ought to be quite passive in this respect. They should chuse nothing; but leave entirely to him, all the circumstances of his own work.

Tuesday 7. After preaching at four (because of the harvest) I took horse and rode easily to London. Indeed I wanted a little rest; having rode in seven months, above four and twenty hundred miles.

Wednesday 8. Our Conference began, the time of which was almost entirely employed, in examining, Whether the spirit and lives of our preachers were suitable to their profession? On Saturday in the afternoon we concluded. Great was the unanimity and love that reigned among us. And if there were any who hoped or feared the contrary, they were happily disappointed.

Sunday 12. I was afraid to look forward to the work of the day, knowing my strength was not sufficient for it. But God looked to that; for though I was exceeding weak at Snowsfields in the morning, I was stronger at noon. And after preaching in the afternoon in the fields, and meeting the Society, I felt no weakness at all.

Monday 13. I took a little ride to Croydon, one of the seats of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Was it one of these who ordered many years ago (for the characters are of old standing) that dreadful inscription to be placed, just over the communion table? *And now, ye priests, this commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord, I will even send a curse among you, and I will curse your blessings. Yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart. Behold I will corrupt your seed, and spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your solemn feasts, and one shall take you away with it.*

The Archbishop's palace is an antient, venerable pile, and the gardens are extremely pleasant.

The late Archbishop had improved them at a large expence: but continual illness prevented his enjoying them, till after four years constant pain, he was called away, one may hope, to the garden of God.

I dined at Mr. B's at *Epsom*, whose house and gardens lie in what was once a chalk-pit. It is the most elegant spot I ever saw with my eyes; every thing within doors and without, being finished in the most exquisite taste. Surely nothing on earth can be more delightful. O what will the possessor feel, when he cries out,

“Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Then leave
These happy shades, and mansions fit for Gods?”

Friday 17. I spent an hour pleasantly and profitably at ———'s. How gracious is God who still preserves him unconsumed in fire! How plain, that with God all things are possible: he can draw the sting either of wealth or death!

Sunday 19. I preached in the afternoon to a huge multitude in the fields, on *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent*. Monday 27, I rode to *Bedford*, and about six, preached on *St. Peter's-Green*. None of the numerous congregation stood with their heads covered, except the *Germans*. Blessed be God, that I have not so learned Christ! If *they* know no better I cannot help it.

Tuesday 28. I rode on to Mr. *Berridge's* at *Exerton*, and in the evening went to the church, but unusually heavy and hardly expecting to do any good there. I preached on those words in the second lesson, *We know that we are of God*. One sunk down, and another, and another. Some cried aloud in agony of prayer. I would willingly have spent some time in prayer with them. But my voice failed, so that I was obliged to conclude the service, leaving many in the church crying and praying, but unable either to walk or stand. One young man and one young woman were brought

brought with difficulty to Mr. B's house, and continued there in violent agonies both of body and soul. When I came into the room, the woman lay quiet, wrestling with God in silent prayer. But even the bodily convulsions of the young man were amazing. The heavings of his breast were beyond description: I suppose, equal to the throes of a woman in travel. We called upon God, to relieve his soul and body. And both were perfectly healed. He rejoiced in God with joy unspeakable, and felt no pain, or weakness, or weariness. Presently after the woman also was delivered, and arose rejoicing in God her Saviour.

Wednesday 29. I rode to *Lakenheath*, and spoke exceeding plain to an honest, drowsy people. Thursday 30, I preached at the Tabernacle in *Norwich*; to a large, rude, noisy congregation. I took knowledge, what manner of teachers they had been accustomed to, and determined to mend them or end them. Accordingly the next evening after sermon, I reminded them of two things; the one, that it was not decent, to begin talking aloud as soon as service was ended, and hurrying to and fro, as in a beer-garden: the other, that it was a bad custom, to gather into knots just after sermon, and turn a place of worship into a Coffee-house. I therefore desired, that none would talk under that roof, but go quietly and silently away. And on Sunday, September 2, I had the pleasure to observe, that all went as quietly away, as if they had been accustomed to it for many years.

Monday 3. I met the Society at five, and explained the nature and use of meeting a Class. Upon enquiry I found, we have now about five hundred members. But a hundred and fifty of these do not *pretend* to meet at all. Of those therefore I make no account. They hang on but by a single thread.

Tuesday 4. I walked to *Kennal*, nine miles from *Norwich*, and preached at one o'clock. The ring-leader of the mob, came with his horn, as usual,

usual, before I began. But one quickly caught and threw away his horn, and in a few minutes he was deserted by all his companions: who were seriously and deeply attentive to the great truth, *By grace ye are saved through faith.*

Sunday 9. I met the Society at seven, and told them in plain terms, that they were the most ignorant, self-conceited, self-willed, fickle, untractable, disorderly, disjointed Society, that I knew in the three kingdoms. And God applied it to their hearts: so that many were profited, but I do not find, that one was offended.

At ten we had another happy opportunity, and many stubborn hearts were melted down. Just at two the great congregation met, and the power of God was again present to heal: though not so eminently as at five, while I was describing *the peace that passeth all understanding.* After preaching I was desired to spend an hour with some whom I supposed to be of our own Society. But I soon found my mistake:

Sensimediis delapsus in hostes.

One in particular, warmly told me, "She could not like mine or Mr. Murlin's doctrine: it always threw her into heaviness. But in dear Mr. Cudworth's she could find comfort." I desired we might pray. God quickly answered for himself. Her heart was broke in pieces. She was filled with love, and grief, and shame; but could only tell it by her eyes and her tears.

About this time I received a remarkable letter from abroad, an extract of which follows,

Berlin, August 26, 1759.

"God has again wrought publickly in this place, in the presence of many thousand people. A soldier of the king's-guard was sentenced to be hanged, for desertion and theft. He was a wretch abandoned to all manner of wickedness. General ~~K~~ was much concerned for his soul. He

earnestly

earnestly desired me, to take the charge of it, though we saw no prospect of success. I visited him the day he was condemned, being Thursday. He seemed quite careless and unconcerned. I endeavoured, to convince him of sin; but did not perceive any effect. I begged of him, not to deceive his own soul, but to consider the condition he was in. On Friday, this began to sink into his heart, and on Saturday, much more. Perceiving this, I much insisted on those words, *This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* The effect was astonishing. He laid hold of them by faith, and not only his burden was gone, but he had such experience of the love of Christ, as it is impossible to describe. His peace, triumph and joy increased every hour, till the night before his execution: and indeed was never more observable, than when he was brought out of prison. In his way to the place of execution he praised God, for dragging him as it were with chains to heaven. "What, said he, will God after all my hellish actions, give me eternal life into the bargain?" The efficacy of the blood and death of Christ being made known to him by the Holy Ghost, he spoke of nothing but his wedding-day, which was to be this thirteenth of August. Every one that looked upon him was struck. Officers and all were moved. Being entered into the ring, I once more prayed with him, and gave him the last blessing. But the very instant he was to be turned off, Colonel H. called out "Pardon!" I was thunder-struck, and *Mittelsadt* protested, it was to him, like a ball shot through his body. He fainted away for some time. Being recovered, his first words were, "Why was I not rather hanged, or even crucified than pardoned? Why am I thus stopped in my course? I should now have been with Christ!" I was myself more afraid of him now than ever. But the grace of God was strong in his soul, And ever since it has continued the same. Yesterday

terday I was informed by one who went on purpose to enquire, that his whole employ during his confinement (which is to continue six months) is reading, praying, and comforting himself with the blood of Christ."

Monday 10. We took horse at half hour after four. Before eight it was as warm as it is usually at Midsummer. And from ten we had the sun in our face, all the way to *Colchester*. But we had the wind in our face too, or the heat would have been insupportable. I was in a fever from the moment I came into the house. But it did not hinder me from preaching on the green, and afterwards meeting the Society. I then lay down as soon as possible, but could not sleep a quarter of an hour, till between two and three in the morning: I do not know, that I have lost a night's sleep before, sick or well, since I was six years old. But it is all one: God is able to give strength, either with sleep or without it. I rose at my usual time, and preached at five, without any faintness or drowiness.

Thursday 13. We set out between four and five and rode to *Dunmow*, about four and twenty miles, But here we were at a full stop. None could direct us any farther. So we were to cross the country as well as we could. But whenever we were at a lols (eight or ten times) we met some one to help us out. So about half an hour past one we were come within sixteen miles of *Sundon*.

An honest blunderer then undertook, to direct us a nearer way. By his help we wandered up and down, till our sixteen miles grew into six and twenty. However we got to *Sundon* before seven, where a considerable number of people soon met: to whom I explained, (what they seemed to know very little of) *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*.

Friday 14. I returned to *London*. Saturday 15, having left orders for the immediate repairing of *West-Street* chapel, I went to see what they had done, and saw cause to praise God for this also.

The

The main timbers were so rotten, that in many places one might thrust his fingers into them. So that probably, had we delayed till spring the whole building must have fallen to the ground.

Monday 17. I went to *Canterbury*. Two hundred soldiers, I suppose, and a whole row of officers attended in the evening. Their number was increased the next evening, and all behaved as men fearing God. Wednesday 19. I preached at *Dover*, in the new room, which is just finished. Here also the hearers increase, some of whom are convinced, and others comforted daily. Thursday 20. I strongly applied at *Canterbury*, to the soldiers in particular, *He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life*. The next day, in my return to *London*, I read Mr. *Huygen's* "Conjectures on the Planetary World." He surprized me. I think, he clearly proves, That the moon is not habitable: that there are neither

"Rivers nor mountains on her spotty globe:"

That there is no sea, no water on her surface, nor any atmosphere. And hence he very rationally infers, That "neither are any of the secondary planets inhabited." And who can prove that the primary are? I *know*, the earth is. Of the rest I know nothing.

Sunday 23. A vast majority of the immense congregation in *Moorfields* were deeply serious. One such hour might convince any impartial man, of the expediency of field-preaching? What building, except *St. Paul's* church, would contain such a congregation? And if it would, what human voice could have reached them there? By repeated observations I find, I can command thrice the number in the open air, than I can under a roof. And who can say, the time for field-preaching is over, while, 1. Greater numbers than ever attend: 2. The converting,

as well as convincing power of God, is eminently present with them?

Monday 24. I preached about eight at *Brentford*, and in the evening at *Basingstoke*, to a people flow of heart and dull of understanding. Tuesday 25. I preached in the new house at *Whitchurch*, and at *Salisbury* in the evening. The new room there is, I think, the most compleat in *England*. It strikes every person of any taste that sees it: not with any single part, but an inexpressible something in the whole.

The militia from *Hampshire* being in town, a large number of them were at the preaching. But it was as music to a horse: such brutish behaviour have I seldom seen. The next evening, they behaved, if possible, worse than before. However many of them, I believe, were struck. For they came again in the morning, and then appeared to be of quite another spirit, earnestly attending to what was spoken. Thursday 27. I had appointed to preach at seven in the evening at *Bradford*. But when I came, I found Mr. *Hart* was to preach at six. So I delayed, till the church-service was ended; that there might not appear, (at least on my part) even the shadow of opposition between us.

Friday 28. I reached *Bristol*. Sunday 30. The weather being fair and calm, I preached in the new square, for the sake of many people, who do not chuse to come to the room. My text was, *Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.* I believe many found desires of coming to him. O that they may be brought to good effect!

Monday, October 1. All my leisure time, during my stay at *Bristol*, I employed in finishing the fourth volume of discourses; probably the last which I shall publish. Monday 15. I walked up to *Knowle*, a mile from *Bristol*, to see the *French* prisoners. Above eleven hundred of them, we were informed, were confined in that little place: without any thing to lie on, but a little dirty straw, or any thing to cover them, but a few fowl thin rags, either by day or night, so that they died

died, like rotten sheep. I was much affected; and preached in the evening, on Exodus xxiii. 9. *Thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.* Eighteen pounds were contributed immediately, which were made up four and twenty the next day. With this we bought linen and woolen cloth, which was made up into shirts, waistcoats and breeches. Some dozen of stockings were added; all which were carefully distributed, where there was the greatest want. Presently after, the corporation of *Bristol* sent a large quantity of mattresses and blankets. And it was not long, before contributions were set on foot, at *London*, and in various parts of the kingdom. So that I believe from this time they were pretty well provided with all the necessaries of life.

Monday 22. I left *Bristol*, and having preached at *Shepton, Coleford, Frome* and *Salisbury* in my way, on Thursday 25. determined to try, if I could do any good at *Andover*. The congregation at ten in the morning was small: in the evening their number was increased, and I think some of them went away, crying out, *God be merciful to me a sinner!*

Friday 26. I rode to *Basingstoke*. I was extremely tired when I came in, but much less so, after preaching. I then sent to enquire, if there was a vacant place in any of the coaches which were going to *London* the next day? But they were all full: and I had promised to send back my mare to *Bristol*. The only way that remained was, to take *Joseph Jones'* horse, and let him ride behind one of the coaches. So I ordered the horse to be brought soon after four in the morning, and was waiting for the coach, when a post-chaise drove by. I rode close after it, though it was so dark, I could not see my horse's head. But I could hear, which was enough. About day-break, it drove away: but then I could see the road. It rained without intermission, from the

time I took horse, till I came to the Foundery: so that I was wet through a great part of the day. But it did me no hurt at all.

Sunday 28. I found the antient spirit in the congregation, both at *Spitalfields* and the Foundery. Tuesday 30. I preached at *Deptford*, and rejoiced to find an increasing work there also. Wednesday, and Thursday, I spent in revising and perfecting a Treatise on Electricity. Friday, November 2. I spent an hour with that miracle of mercy Miss —: a clear proof, that God can, even without external means, preserve a bush in the midst of the fire.

Sunday 4. As I was applying those words, *They neither marry, nor are given in marriage. For neither can they die any more; for they are equal to angels.* The power of God fell upon the congregation, in a very uncommon manner. How reasonable! O how does God sweeten whatever cross we bear for his sake!

Monday 12. I talked with *J— D—* a gentleman's coachman, an uncommon monument of mercy. Last year he was a violent persecutor of the truth, and of his wife for the sake of it. But the second or third time he heard for himself, he was thoroughly convinced. Soon after he entered into the Society, and in six weeks found peace with God. Yet his natural tempers quickly revived, which made him restless after a thorough change. In spring this restlessness so increased, that he was crying to God day and night, till on Sunday May 27. he was utterly broken in pieces, and ready to cast away the hope of it. But just as he received the bread in the Lord's Supper, the love of God filled his heart. And from that moment he had no doubt, but has continued always rejoicing, always praying and praising God.

Saturday 17. I spent an hour agreeably and profitably with Lady *G— H—* and Sir —. 'Tis well a few of the rich and noble are called. O that God would increase their number! But I should

should rejoice, (were it the will of God) if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might chuse, I should still (as I have done hitherto) *preach the gospel to the poor.*

Monday 19. I spent an hour with Mr. —, who has escaped from G—, as with the skin of his teeth. He informed me that all the water they had in the voyage, stunk intolerably; that the bisket was full of maggots, and the beef mere carrion, so that none could bear to stand near a cask when it was opened. What wonder that the poor men died in troops! Who shall answer for their blood?

Tuesday 22. I took horse between six and seven, in one of the coldest mornings I ever remember. We reached St. Alban's without much difficulty; but then the roads were all covered with snow. However there was a beaten path, though slippery enough, till we turned into the by-road to Sundon. What we could have done there, I cannot tell, for the snow lay deeper and deeper, had not a waggon gone awhile before us, and marked the way for six miles, to Mr. Cole's gate.

Friday 23. The roads were so extremely slippery, it was with much difficulty we reached Bedford. We had a pretty large congregation; but the stench from the swine under the room was scarce supportable. Was ever a preaching-place over a hog-sty before? Surely they love the gospel, who come to hear it in such a place.

Saturday 24. We rode to Everton; Mr. Berryidge having gone to preach before the University at Cambridge. Many people came to his house in the evening, and it was a season of great refreshment.

Sunday 25. I was a little afraid, my strength would not suffice, for reading prayers and preaching, and administering the Lord's Supper alone, to a large number of communicants. But all was well. Mr. Hiches began his own service early, and came before I had ended my sermon. So

we finished the whole before two, and I had time to breathe, before the evening service.

In the afternoon God was eminently present with us, though rather to comfort than convince. But I observed a remarkable difference since I was here before, as to the *manner* of the work. None now were in trances, none cried out: none fell down or were convulsed. Only some trembled exceedingly: a low murmur was heard: and many were refreshed with the *multitude of peace*.

The danger *was* to regard *extraordinary* circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances, as if these were *essential* to the inward work, so that it *could not* go on without them. Perhaps the danger *is*, to regard them too little: to condemn them all together; to imagine, they had nothing of God in them and were a hindrance to his work. Whereas the truth is, 1. God suddenly and strongly convinced many that they were lost sinners; the *natural* consequence whereof were sudden outcries, and strong bodily convulsions: 2. To strengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make his work more apparent, he favoured several of them with divine dreams, others with trances and visions. 3. In some of these instances, after a time nature mixt with grace. 4. Satan likewise mimicked *this work of God*, in order to discredit the *whole work*. And yet it is not wise, to give up *this part*, any more than to give up the *whole*. At first it was doubtless wholly from God. It is partly so at this day. And he will enable us to discern, how far in every case the work is *pure* and where it *mixes*, or *degenerates*.

Let us even suppose, that in some few cases, there was a mixture of *disimulation*: that persons pretended to see or feel what they did not, and imitated the cries or convulsive motions of those who were really overpowered, by the Spirit of God. Yet even this should not make us either deny or undervalue the real work of the Spirit.

The

The shadow is no disparagement of the substance, nor the counterfeit of the real diamond.

We may farther suppose, that Satan will make these visions an *occasion* of pride. But what can be inferred from hence? Nothing but that we should guard against it; that we should diligently exhort all, to be little in their own eyes, knowing that nothing avails with God but humble love. But still, to slight or censure visions in general, would be both irrational and unchristian.

Monday 26. In the evening I preached in Mr. *Hickes'* church at *Wrestlingworth*, and at ten the next morning. The people were deeply attentive, but none were so affected, as when I was here last. In the evening Mr. *B.* returned from preaching before the University. In the midst of the sermon, he informed me, one person cried out aloud; but was silent in a few moments. Several dropped down but made no noise: and the whole congregation, young and old, behaved with seriousness. God is strong as well as wise. Who knows what work he may have to do here also?

Wednesday 28. I returned to *London*, and on Thursday the 29th, the day appointed for a general thanksgiving, I preached again in the chapel near the Seven Dials, both morning and afternoon. I believe the oldest man in *England* has not seen a thanksgiving day so observed before. It had the solemnity of the general fast. All the shops were shut up. The people in the streets appeared, one and all, with an air of seriousness. The prayers, lessons and whole public service, were admirably suited to the occasion. The prayer for our enemies, in particular, was extremely striking: perhaps it is the first instance of the kind in *Europe*. There was no noise, hurry, bonfires, fire-works in the evening: and no publick diversions. This is indeed a *Christian* holy-day, a *rejoicing unto the Lord!* The next day came the news, that Sir *Edward Hawke* had dispersed the *French fleet*.

Sunday, December 9. I had, for the first time, a Love-feast for the whole Society. Wednesday 12, I began reading over the *Greek Testament* and the Notes, with my brother and several others, carefully comparing the translation with the original, and correcting or enlarging the Notes, as we saw occasion.

The same day I spent part of the afternoon in the *British Museum*. There is a large library, a great number of curious manuscripts, many uncommon monuments of antiquity, and the whole collection of shells, butterflies, beetles, grasshoppers, &c. which the indefatigable Sir *Hans Sloane*, with such vast expence and labour, procured in a life of fourteen years!

Friday 14. I was at a *christian* wedding, to which were invited only two or three relations, and five Clergymen, who spent part of the afternoon, in a manner suitable to the solemn occasion.

Wednesday 19. I was desired to read over a Chancery bill. The occasion of it was this. "A. B. tells C. D. that one who owed him thirty pounds wanted to borrow thirty more, and asked, whether he thought the eighth part of such a ship, then at sea, was sufficient security? He said, he thought it was. On this A. B. lent the money. The ship came home. But through various accidents, the eighth part yielded only twenty pounds. A. B. on this commenced a suit, to make C. D. pay him the residue of his money."

This worthy story is told in no less, than a hundred and ten sheets of paper! C. D. answers, "He advised to the best of his judgment; not foreseeing those accidents, whereby the share which cost two hundred pounds, yielded no more than twenty." This answer brought on fifteen sheets of exceptions, all which a quarter of a sheet might have contained! I desired the Plaintiff and Defendant to meet me the next day, both of whom were willing to stand to arbitration. And they readily agreed, that C. D. should pay half

half his own costs, and A. B. the rest of the expence.

Friday 21. I enquired into the particulars of a very remarkable story. A ship laden with wheat, and having no other ballast, about one in the morning, on Sunday, November 18, the wind blowing hard, shifted her cargo, and in half an hour sunk. Mr. *Austin*, the mate, leaped off her side, as she sunk, and being an excellent swimmer, kept above water, till he saw something floating toward him, which proved to be the capstern of the ship. He got upon it, and although washed off several times, yet still recovered his seat, and floated all day and all the following night. But on Monday morning he was quite exhausted, and fainted almost to death with thirst, having swallowed abundance of salt-water. In this extremity he saw some apples floating toward him. He took up three, ate them and was much strengthened. About noon Admiral *Sanders'* fleet came in sight, one of whose ships saw and took him up. He could not stand; but being blooded, and put into a warm bed, and fed with small broth, a spoonful or two at a time, he recovered strength apace, and in a few days was as well as ever.

Saturday 22. I went to *Colchester*, and on Sunday 23, preached in the shell of the new house. It is twelve square, and is the best building of the size for the voice that I know in *England*. Monday 24, we did not set out till after seven, intending to ride about forty miles. But coming to *Schole-Inn* before three, we pushed on and before seven came safe to *Norwich*.

Thursday 27. I began visiting the Society, and found the greater part much changed from what they were a year ago. They are indeed few in number, but are now of a teachable spirit, willing to be advised, or even reproved. And if three hundred of this spirit remain, they are worth all our labour,

Tuesday

Tuesday, January 1, 1760. We began the service at four in the morning. A great number attended, and God was in the midst, strengthening and refreshing their souls. Thursday 3, in the evening, while I was enforcing those awful words of the prophet, *The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved*: a young woman, who had contained herself as long as she could, sunk down and cried aloud. I found this was a new thing in *Norwich*. The women about her got water and hartshorn in abundance. But all would not do. When service was ended, I asked her, "What do you want?" She immediately replied, "Nothing but Christ." And indeed what Physician beside him, is able to heal that sickness?

Friday 4. I preached about one at *Forncett*, to a much milder people than I left there: and in the evening at *Kenninghall*, where the Antipomians have laboured hard in the devil's service. Yet all are not lost. A few are still left, *who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit*. Saturday 5, I preached in the evening at *Colchester*, and on Sunday 6, rode to *Langham*, seven miles from thence, in such a day as I have seldom known: the North-East wind was so exceeding keen, and drove the fleet full in our face. But this did not discourage the people, who flocked from all quarters. And those who took such pains to come, were not sent empty away.

Monday 7. I returned to *London*, and finished on the road the celebrated *Telemachus*. Certainly it is wrote with admirable sense. But is it without fault? Is there not abundantly too much machinery? Are not the gods (such as they are) continually introduced without why or wherefore? And is not the work spun out too long? Drawn into mere *French wire*? Would not twelve books have contained all the matter, much better than four and twenty?

Sunday 13. I preached again in *West-Street* chapel, now enlarged and thoroughly repaired. When I took this eighteen years ago, I little thought;

thought the world would have borne us till now.
But *the right-hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence.*
Therefore we endure unto this day.

Wednesday 16. One came to me, as she said, with a message from the Lord, to tell me, "I was laying up treasures on earth, taking my ease, and minding only eating and drinking." I told her, "God knew me better. And if he had sent her, he would have sent her with a more proper message."

Friday 18. I desired those who believed they were saved from sin; (sixteen or seventeen in number,) to meet me at noon, to whom I gave such cautions and instructions as I judged needful. Nor did any of *these* pretend to be above man's teaching, but received it with all thankfulness.

Thursday 24. I rode to *Brentford*, where after a stop of ten or twelve years, the work of God is broke out afresh. I preached in a large place newly fitted up. It was supposed, there would be much disturbance, as a considerable number of rude, boistrous people, were gathered together for that purpose. But God over-ruled, and they all calmly and silently attended to his word. Surely *times and seasons* of sending his word effectually to any place, *God hath reserved in his own power.*

Monday 28. I began visiting the Classes in *London*, and that with more exactness than ever before. After going through them, I found the Society now contained about three and twenty hundred and fifty members: few of whom we could discern to be triflers, and none we hope, live in any wilful sin.

Tuesday, February 5. I baptized a gentlewoman at the Foundery, and the peace she immediately found, was a fresh proof, that the outward sign duly received, is always accompanied with the inward grace. Tuesday 12, after preaching at *Deptford*, I rode on to *Welling*, where I received (what few expected) an exceeding comfortable account, of the death of Mr. *Mason of Bexley.*
For

For many years he seemed to be utterly senseless; neither justified, nor even convinced of sin. But in his last sickness, the God that heareth prayer, broke in upon his soul. And the nearer death came, the more did he rejoice, to the astonishment of all that saw him.

Saturday 16. I spent an hour in the evening with a little company, at Mr. ——. I have not known so solemn an hour for a long season, nor so profitable to my own soul. Mysterious Providence! Why am I cut off from those opportunities, which of all others I most want? Especially considering the benefit I might *impart*, as well as that which I might *receive*: seeing they stand in as much need of *light*, as I do of *heat*.

About this time we had a remarkable account from *Yorkshire*. "On February 13, about thirty persons were met together in *Otley* (a town about twelve miles from *Leeds*) about eight o'clock in the evening, in order (as usual) to pray, sing hymns, and provoke one another to love and good works. After prayer was ended, when they proceeded to speak of the several states of their souls, some with deep sighs and groans, complained of the burden they felt, for the remains of in-dwelling sin; seeing in a clearer light than ever before, the necessity of a deliverance from it.

"When they had spent the usual time together, a few went to their own houses. But the rest remained upon their knees, groaning for the great and precious promises of God. One being desired to pray, he no sooner began to lift up his voice to God, than the Holy Ghost made intercession in all that were present, with groanings that could not be uttered. At length the travail of their souls burst out into loud and ardent cries. They had no doubt of the favour of God, but they could not rest, while there was any thing in them contrary to his nature. One cried out, in an exceeding great agony, "Lord, deliver me from my sinful nature," then a second, a third and fourth. And while the person who prayed first, was calling

calling upon God in those words, "Thou God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, hear us, for the sake of thy Son Jesus," one was heard to say, "Blessed be the Lord God for ever, for he hath cleansed my heart. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name." Another said, "I hold thee with a trembling hand, but will not let thee go:" and in a little time cried out, "Praise the Lord with me; for he hath cleansed my heart from sin." Another cried, "I am hanging over the pit of hell, by a slender thread;" a second, with loud and dismal shrieks, "I am in hell: O save me, save me:" while a third said, with a far different voice, "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath pardoned all my sins." Thus they continued for the space of two hours, some praising and magnifying God, some crying to him for pardon or purity of heart, with the greatest agony of spirit. Before they parted, three believed God had fulfilled his word, and *cleansed them from all unrighteousness.*

"The next evening they met again. And the Lord was again present to heal the broken in heart. One received remission of sins, and three more believed God had *cleansed them from all sin.* And it is observable, these are all poor illiterate creatures, of all others most incapable of counterfeiting, and most unlikely to attempt it. But *when his word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding to the simple.*"

Friday 29. A great number of us waited upon God, at five, at nine, and at one, with fasting and prayer. And at six in the evening we met at the church in *Spitalfields*, to renew our covenant with God. It was a blessed time. The windows of heaven were open, and the skies poured down righteousness.

Monday, March 3. I left *London*. It rained great part of the day, but so gently, that we were not wet through, when about seven we came to *Towcester*. One person we found here whose soul God keeps alive, though he has scarce any in the town

town to converse with. Perhaps he is an earnest of a people that shall be born here, and counted to the Lord for a generation.

Tuesday 4. We came to *Birmingham* where I rejoined several who had been long separated from their brethren, and left upwards of fifty resolved to stand together in the good old path.]

In the evening I preached in the new house at *Wednesbury*, few congregations exceed this either in number or seriousness. At five in the morning the congregation far exceeded the morning-congregation at the Foundery. Indeed hunger after the word has been from the beginning the distinguishing mark of this people.

Thursday 6. I talked largely with M— S— and E— L— the substance of what M— S— said was as follows.

"I was born, April 8, 1736. My father died when I was between four and five, my mother, when I was about eleven years old. I had little thought about religion, and seldom so much as went to church. But I had even then many troubles, which made me sometimes think of God and cry to him for help. When I was about seventeen, I was asked one Sunday to go and see a pit, which was on fire and blazed out. It was near the house where Mr. *James Jones* was then preaching. I was standing near the house, when my brother persuaded me to go in. I liked what I heard; but it was above a year before I knew myself to be a lost sinner. For three weeks I was in deep distress, which made me cry to God day and night. I had comfort once or twice, but I checked it, being afraid of deceiving myself: till as Mr. *Johnson* was preaching one morning at five o'clock in *Darlaston*, my soul was so filled with the love of God, that I had much ado to help crying out. I could only say, "Why me, Lord, why me?" When I came home I was exceeding weak, having also a great pain in my head: but all was sweet; I did not wish it to be otherwise. I was happy in God all the day long: and

and so I was for several days. From this time I never committed any known sin, nor ever lost the love of God: though I found abundance of temptations and many severe struggles. Yet I was more than conqueror over all, and found them easier and easier.

About Christmas 1758, I was deeply convinced, there was a greater salvation than I had attained. The more I saw of this, and the more I prayed for it, the happier I was. And my desires and hopes were continually increasing, for above a year.

On January 30, 1760, Mr. Fugill talked with one who thought she had received that blessing. As she spoke, my heart burned within me, and my desire was enlarged beyond expression. I said to him, "O Sir, when shall I be able to say as she says?" He answered, "Perhaps to night." I said, "Nay, I am not earnest enough." He replied, "That thought may keep you from it." I felt, God was able and willing to give it *then*, and was unspeakably happy. In the evening as he was preaching, my heart was full, and more and more so, till I could contain no more. I wanted only to be alone, that I might pour out my soul before God: and when I came home I could do nothing but praise and give him thanks. From that moment I have felt nothing but love in my heart; no sin of any kind. And I trust I shall never sin any more, nor any more offend God. I never find any cloud between God and me: I walk in the light continually. I do *rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing*, I have no desire, but to do and suffer the will of God: I aim at nothing but to please him. I am careful for nothing, but in all things make my requests known to him with thanksgiving. And I have a continual witness in myself; that whatever I do, I do it to his glory."

E—L— said, "I was born in 1730. My mother died in childbed of me, my father, when I was a year or two old. So I was brought up by the parish, and taught nothing, not so much as to
I read.

read. About eleven years old, I was put out parish-prentice, to a man and woman who used me very harshly. I wanted much to learn to read; but they would not spare the time. I was about fourteen, when I heard Mr. *J. W.* preach at the *Cross* in *Wednesbury*. I immediately believed it was the right way, and begun to be very uneasy. I often wished I had died with my father or mother, fearing I should never be saved. But my convictions wore away by degrees: though still I could find no rest. About twenty I was married. My husband had sometimes heard the preaching, but not lately. Soon after he began again, going with me constantly. I was now more and more convinced, that I was a guilty undone sinner. I cried to God day and night, laying down my work many times in a day. On Holy-Thursd^y, 1756, I was sadly afraid of going to the sacrament. However I broke through and went. At the Lord's table, I found such a love as I cannot express. As soon as I came back, I went up into my chamber, and kneeled down to prayer. In praying I heard a voice saying, *Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee.* My soul sunk into nothing before God, and was filled with humble love. I loved God and all mankind, and thought no temptation, could ever shake me more. But in a few days, being low and weak in body, I found hard thoughts of God. Yet I could never give up my confidence, that my sins were forgiven. Nor do I know, that I ever committed any wilful sin, after I was justified. About a year and half ago Mr. *Fugill* came: One evening while he was preaching, I was convinced that my heart was still desperately wicked, and needed to be wholly renewed. This made me sometimes afraid to die, lest I should be called before that change was wrought. But I had still hope at the bottom, and never could doubt but that God was my God. In the mean while my desire to be wholly renewed increased continually. And I was every day and every hour praying for it, whatever I was about. When my hopes prevailed,

vailed, I was happy: when my fears, I was quite cast down. Being convinced, how little I loved God, I was grieved and ashamed before him.

On Friday, January 25. I took no food till the afternoon, though I had a child at my breast. I was much tempted to think, I should never attain, and was quite uneasy. But the next morning my uneasiness was gone, and I calmly waited for what I believed God would soon give. In the evening I went to the preaching with a full expectation, that he would meet me there. And so he did. As soon as Mr. Fugill began to speak, I felt my soul was all love. I was so stayed on God as I never felt before, and knew that I loved him with all my heart. When I came home, I could ask for nothing: I could only give thanks. And the witness, that God had saved me from all my sins, grew clearer every hour. On Wednesday this was stronger than ever. I have never since found my heart wander from God. When I have business to do, I just take a thought and do it; and it is gone, and my heart is with the Lord. I often in a day bow my knee to God: but my heart prays continually. He is never out of my thoughts: I see him always; although most, at preaching, and in my Band and Class. But I do not only see him: I feel him too, so as I cannot express. And the more I see and feel of God, the more I feel, I am nothing. When I sleep, I sleep as in the arms of Jesus; and when I wake, my soul is full of praise, and it is as if all the angels were in the room round about me praising God. I never find any heaviness or coldness: and when I must go among the people of the world, God is as much with me as before, and I long for them, so as no tongue can tell. I am careful of every word I speak, and every look, and every thought. I search my heart again and again: and I can find nothing but love there. Indeed I know, if God left me a moment, I should fall. But I trust, he will never leave me, nor forsake me."

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I observe, the spirit and experience of these two, run exactly parallel. *Constant communion* with God the Father and the Son, *fills* their hearts with *humble love*. Now this is what I always did, and do now mean by *perfection*. And this I believe many have attained, on the same evidence that I believe many are justified. May God increase their number a thousand-fold!

Friday 7. I rode to *Dudley*, formerly a den of lions. I was constrained to preach abroad. But no one opened his mouth, unless to pray or praise God. I believe the steady behaviour of the Society, has made an impression on most of the town.

Saturday 8. I was surprized at coming into *Wolverhampton*, which is what *Dudley* was, to find the people so still, many gaping and staring, but none speaking an uncivil word. Ay, said a well-meaning man, "we shall not find them so civil by and by." I wish these *croakers* would learn to hold their peace. I desire to hear no *prophets of evil*. What do they do, but weaken the hands both of preachers and people, and transfuse their own cowardice into others?

But this prophet of evil was a false prophet too. For neither while I was preaching, nor after I had done, did any one offer the least rudeness whatsoever. And we rode as quietly out of the town, as we could have done out of *London* or *Bristol*.

Hence we went on to *Borstlem*, near *Newcastle-under-Line*, a scattered town on the top of a hill, inhabited almost intirely by potters, a multitude of whom assembled at five in the evening. Deep attention sat on every face, though as yet accompanied with deep ignorance. But if the heart be toward God, he will in due time enlighten the understanding.

Sunday 9. I preached at eight to near double the number, though scarce half as many as came at five in the evening. Some of these seemed quite innocent of thought. Five or six were
laughing

laughing and talking till I had near done: and one of them threw a clod of earth, which struck me on the side of the head. But it neither disturbed me, nor the congregation.

Monday 10. About nine I preached at *Biddulph*, about eight miles North of *Borlasm*. The earnestness of the whole congregation, well rewarded me for my labour. Hence we had an extremely pleasant walk three or four miles, to *Congleton*. Here we were accosted in a very different manner almost as soon as we entered the town, which caused some of our brethren to apprehend; we should have rough treatment before we got out of it. That I left to God. They had procured the use of a meadow adjoining to the preaching-house, in a window of which they had fixt a kind of scaffold. Most of the congregation were deeply serious: so that three or four who took much pains to disturb them, entirely lost their labour.

About seven in the evening I preached at *Stackport*, where more and more hear the word of God and keep it. In the morning we took horse at five, but could find none to tell us which was the road to *Leeds*. So we rode on to *Mottram*. Following the directions we received there, we rode up a mountain, and our path ended. We made toward a large house, and the gentleman sent a servant, who pointed out the way we were to take. But soon after, it divided: and an honest man bidding us keep to the right, (meaning the left) we did so, till we came to the top of another high mountain, among several old stone-quarries. Here that road ended. However we went straight forward, till we came to the brow. With great difficulty we led our horses down, and rode up a path on the opposite mountain. But at the top this likewise ended. Still we thought it best to push forward. But my horse was quickly embogged. After he had thrown me on one side, and scrambled out himself, we endeavoured to walk down the mountain: but such a walk I never had.

had before, for steepness, and bogs, and large stones intermixt. That we got to the bottom without hurt either to man or beast, was little less than a miracle. But we were still at a loss, till we met a sensible man, who directed us to *Saddleworth*. In our Inn here we found one who had frequently heard me preach at *Builth* in *Brecknockshire*. I fear, to little purpose; for on my speaking a few words, he ran away in haste. But the whole family seemed to fear God. So we did not repent of our clambering up and down the mountains.

At six we reached *Leeds*, sufficiently tired. But I forgot it as soon as I began to preach: and the spirit of the congregation comforted us over all our labour.

Wednesday 12. Having desired that as many as could of the neighbouring towns, who believed they were saved from sin, would meet me, I spent the greatest part of this day, in examining them one by one. The testimony of ~~some~~ I could not receive: but concerning the far greatest part, it is plain (unless they could be supposed to tell wilful and deliberate lies) 1. That they *feel* no inward sin, and to the best of their knowledge, *commit* no outward sin: 2. That they *see* and *love* God every moment, and *pray, rejoice, give thanks evermore*. 3. That they have constantly as clear a witness from God of sanctification as they have of justification. Now in this I do rejoice and will rejoice, call it what you please. And I would to God thousands had experienced thus much: let them afterward experience as much more as God pleases.

Thursday 13. We rode over the mountains through furious wind and rain, which was ready to overthrow both man and beast. However in the afternoon we came well to *Manchester*. On Friday the 14th being the National Fast-Day, we had service at five, at seven, and at five in the evening. But I did not observe here any thing, of that solemnity with which the public Fasts are observed

observed in *London*. I was much out of order on Saturday, and not well on Sunday. However having appointed to preach in *Stockport* at noon, I determined not to break my word. As it rained, our friends provided a post-chaise. When we were gone half a mile, one of the horses began to kick and rear, and would go no further. So we got out and walked on. But another driver brought the chaise after, and carried me to *Stockport*. A large congregation was waiting, and received the word with all readiness of mind. For some years the seed seemed to be here sown in vain: but at length it yields a good increase.

On the following days I preached in several neighbouring towns, and on Wednesday evening at *Liverpool*. Thursday 20, I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. N——n. His case is very peculiar. Our church requires, that Clergymen should be men of learning, and to this end, have an University-education. But how many have an University-education, and yet no learning at all? Yet these men are ordained! Meantime one of eminent learning, as well as unblameable behaviour, cannot be ordained, "because he was not at the University!" What a mere farce is this? Who would believe, that any Christian Bishop would stoop to so poor an evasion?

Monday 24. About noon I preached at *Warrington*. Many of the *beasts of the people* were present. But the bridle from above was in their teeth, so that they made not the least disturbance. At seven in the evening I preached at *Chester*: but I was scarce able to open my eyes. They were much inflamed before I set out: and the inflammation was much increased, by riding forty miles, with a strong and cold wind exactly in my face. But in the evening I applied the eye-water made with *Lapis Calaminaris*, which removed the disorder before morning.

Tuesday 25. I rode to *Mould* in *Flintshire*. The wind was often ready to bear away both man and horse. But the earnest serious congregation re-

warded

warded us for our trouble. Wednesday 26, about nine I preached at *Little Lee*, a mile or two from *Northwich*. Many of the congregation scarce ever heard a Methodist before. But I trust they did not hear in vain.

Thursday 27. I rode to *Liverpool*, in order to embark for *Dublin*. We were desired to be on board by nine on Saturday morning. But the wind falling and a fog coming on, we gained a little more time. So we had one more solemn opportunity in the evening. Sunday 30, the fog was gone and the wind fair. We took ship about nine, and got under sail at noon, having only eight cabin passengers, seven of whom were our own company. So we prayed and sung, and conversed at our own discretion. But a poor woman whom we permitted to come into the cabin, gave us some uneasiness. She had been tapped for the dropsy in the Infirmary, but two days before. When I spoke to her concerning her soul, she gave but little answer, appearing to be serious and willing to hear, but totally uninstructed. She would eat nothing, but willingly accepted a dish or two of tea, and two or three glasses of wine. The next morning she was extremely restless, continually moving from place to place, till the Captain put a bed for her in the forecabin, on which she lay down about eight o'clock. A little after she grew light-headed and began shrieking dreadfully. This she continued to do, till about noon, and then died. At night, the Captain and all the sailors being present, we committed her body to the deep. On Tuesday noon April 1, we landed safe at *Dublin*.

I never saw more numerous or more serious congregations in *Ireland*, than we had all this week. On Easter-day, April 6, I introduced our *English* custom, beginning the service at four in the morning. Monday 7, I began speaking severally to the members of the Society, and was well-pleased to find so great a number of them much alive to God. One consequence of this is, that

that the Society is larger than it has been for several years. And no wonder: for where the real power of God is, it naturally spreads wider and wider.

Thursday 10. I was sitting with a friend, when poor Mr. Cook came in. His eyes, his look, his hair standing

“Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine,”

his tattered gown, his whole person, as well as his speech immediately bewrayed him. But he is quite an original, and has so much vivacity, with touches of strong sense, that I do not wonder the gentlemen of the College, as he told me, have given him an apartment there. What a noble fabric lies here in ruins! What pity, that when he first found himself a sinner, he had not one to speak to, that understood his case, and could teach him the only method of cure!

Sunday 19. At three in the afternoon, I preached in the Barrack-Square, another kind of place than *Ormondstown Green*. (So the word ought to be written.) No mob must shew their heads here; for the soldiers would give them no quarter. Tuesday 15, I preached there again. But on Thursday, it being a rainy day, an offer was made me of the riding-house, a very large commodious building, designed by Lord *Chesterfield* for a church, but never used as such till now. A troop of soldiers was exercising there when I came. But this was clear gains. For the Officers forbade any of them to go away, before the sermon was ended.

Friday 18. I went with Miss F—— to see the French prisoners, sent from *Carrickfergus*. They were surprized at hearing as good French spoke in *Dublin*, as they could have heard in *Paris*: and still more at being exhorted to heart-religion, to the *Faith that worketh by love*.

Sunday 20. I appointed those of the Society, who desired to renew their covenant with God,
which

which I had several times before explained, to meet me in the evening. And I believe of the five hundred and twelve members, hardly twelve were wanting.

Monday 21. In riding to *Rosmead*, I read Sir *John Davies' Historical Relations* concerning *Ireland*. None who reads these can wonder, that, fruitful as it is, it was always so thinly inhabited. For he makes it plain, 1. That murder was never capital among the native *Irish*. The murderer only paid a small fine, to the Chief of his Sept. 2. When the *English* settled here, still the *Irish* had no benefit of the *English* laws. They could not so much as sue an *Englishman*. So the *English*, beat, plundered, yea, murdered them at pleasure. Hence, 3. arose continual wars between them, for three hundred and fifty years together. And hereby both the *English* and *Irish* natives, were kept few, as well as poor. 4. When they were multiplied during a peace of forty years, from 1600 to 1641, the general Massacre, with the ensuing war, again thinned their numbers: not so few as a million of men, women and children, being destroyed in four years time. 5. Great numbers have ever since, year by year, left the land merely for want of employment. 6. The gentry are continually driving away hundreds, yea, thousands of them that remain, by throwing such quantities of arable land into pasture, which leaves them neither business, nor food. This it is that now dispeoples many parts of *Ireland*, of *Connaught* in particular, which it is supposed has scarce half the inhabitants at this day, which it had fourscore years ago.

Wednesday 23. I rode to *Newry*, and preached at seven in the evening to a numerous congregation. Sunday 27. We had a useful sermon at church. But they told me, few attended the prayers in the afternoon. However I resolved to set them the example: and the church was as full as in the forenoon. Of what importance is every

every step we take! Seeing so many are ready, to follow us!

Monday 28. I rode to *Rathfriland*, seven *Irish* miles from *Newry*, a small town built on the top of a mountain, surrounded first by a deep valley, and at a small distance by higher mountains. The Presbyterian Minister wrote to the Popish Priest, "To keep his people from hearing." But they would not be kept. Protestants and Papists flocked together to the meadow where I preached, and sat on the grass, still as night, while I exhorted them, to *Repent and believe the Gospel*. The same attention appeared in the whole congregation at *Terryhugan* in the evening: where I spent a comfortable night in the *Prophet's chamber*, nine foot long, seven broad and six high. The ceiling, floor and walls were all of the same marble, vulgarly called clay.

Thursday, May 1. I rode to *Moyra*. Soon after twelve, standing on a tomb-stone, near the church, I called a considerable number of people, to *know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent*. We were just opposite to the Earl of *Moyra's* house, the best finished of any I have seen in *Ireland*. It stands on a hill with a large avenue in front, bounded by the church on the opposite hill. The other three sides are covered by orchards, gardens and woods, in which are walks of various kinds.

General *Flaubert*, who commanded the French troops at *Carrickfergus*, was just gone from Lord *Moyra's*. Major *Braydon* was now there, a man of a fine person and extremely graceful behaviour. Both these affirmed, That the *French* were all picked men, out of the King's guards. That their commission was, to land either at *Londonderry* or *Carrickfergus*, while *Monseigneur Conflans* landed in the South: and if they did not do this within three months, to return directly to *France*.

Friday 2. In the evening, and morning and evening on Saturday I preached at *Lisburn*. The people here (as *Mr. Boston* said) are "all ear;" But who can find a way to their heart?

Sunday

Sunday 4. After preaching to a large congregation at seven, I hastened to *Cumber*, in order to be at Church in time. As soon as service was ended, I began, and four in five of the people behaved well. About six in the evening I preached at *Newtown*: where there is usually the largest congregation in *Ulster*. But what avails the hearing ear, without the understanding heart?

Monday 5. After preaching in the Market-place at *Belfast*, to a people who care for none of these things, we rode on, with a furious East-wind right in our face to *Carrickfergus*, where I willingly accepted of an invitation from a merchant in the town, Mr. *Cobham*, to lodge at his house: the rather, when I understood, that Mr. *Cavenac*, the French Lieutenant-General was still there. I now received a very particular account of what had been lately transacted here. Mrs. *Cobham* said, "My Daughter came running in and said, 'Mamma, there are three *India-Men* come into the Bay, and I suppose my brothers are come in them, (who had been in the *East-Indies* for some time.) An hour after she came in again, and cried, 'O Mamma, they say they are *French* men. And they are landing and their guns glitter in the sun.'" Mr. *Cavenac* informed me, that Mr. *Thurot* had received a thousand men out of the King's-guards, with orders to land in the North of *Ireland*, at the same time that Monsieur *Conflans* landed in the South. That a storm drove him up to *Bergen* in *Norway*, from whence he could not get out, 'till his ships were much damaged, and his provisions consumed; nor could he there procure a supply at any price: that another storm drove him to 66 degrees North Latitude; from whence he did not get back to *Carrick Bay*, 'till all on board were almost famished, having only an ounce of bread per man daily: that they then landed merely to procure provisions." I asked, "Is it true, that you had a design to burn the town?" He cried out, "*Jesu, Maria!* We never had such a thought! To burn, to destroy, cannot enter into the heart or head of a good man."

After

After they had landed (*Mrs. Cobham* and others informed me) they divided into two bodies. One of these marched up to the East-gate, the other to the North. Twelve foldiers and a corporal were there on the wall, who fired upon them when they came near. Immediately general *Flaubert* fell, having his leg broke by a musket-ball. The next in command, a young Marquis, then led them on. When the *English* had fired four rounds, having no more ammunition they retired, and the *French* entered the town, and at the market-place met those who had come in at the East-gate. When they had joined, they marched up to the castle, (though the *English* there, who were a hundred and sixty-two in number, kept a constant fire,) the gate of which was not barred, so that the Marquis thrust it open and went in. Just then he was shot dead. Mr. *Cavenac* immediately took his place, and drew up his men again. The *English* then desired a parley, and articted to furnish them with provisions in six hours. But they could not perform it, there being little in the town. On this Mr. *Cavenac* sent for Mr. *Cobham*, and desired him to go up to *Belfast* and procure them, leaving his wife with the general, as an hostage for his return. But the poor *Frenchmen* could not stay for this. They began presently to serve themselves with meat and drink: having been in such want, that they were glad to eat raw oats to sustain nature. They accordingly took all the food they could find, with some linen and wearing apparel. But they neither hurt nor affronted man, woman or child, nor did any mischief for mischief's sake: though they were sufficiently provoked; for many of the inhabitants affronted them without fear or wit, cursed them to their face, and even took up pokers or other things to strike them.

While *Mrs. Cobham* was with the General, a little plain-dressed man came in, to whom they all shewed a particular respect. It struck into her mind, Is not this Mr. *Thurot*? which was soon confirmed. She said to him, "Sir, you seem much fatigued. Will you step to my house and refresh

refresh yourself?" He readily accepted the offer. She prepared a little veal, of which he ate moderately, and drank three glasses of small, warm punch: after which he told her, "I have not taken any food before, nor slept for eight and forty hours." She asked, "Sir, will you please to take a little rest now?" Observing he started, she added, "I will answer, life for life, that none shall hurt you under my roof." He said "Madam, I believe you: I accept the offer." He desired two of his men might lie on the floor by the bedside, slept about six hours, and then returning her many thanks, went aboard his ship.

Five days he was kept in the bay by contrary winds. When he sailed, he took the mayor of *Carrick* and another gentleman, as hostages for the delivery of the *French* prisoners. The next morning as he was walking the deck, he frequently started, without any visible cause, and slept short, and said, "I shall die to day." A while after, he said to one of the *English*, "Sir, I see three ships. Pray take my glass, and tell me freely, what you thing they are?" He looked some time, and said, "I think they are *English*, and I guess they are about forty gun ships." He called his officers and said, "Our ships are too foul to fight at a distance: we must board them." Accordingly when they came up, after a short fire, he ran up close to Captain *Elliot*, and Captain *Scordeck* with his four and twenty Hussars, immediately leapt on board. Almost instantly, nine of them lay dead; on which he was so enraged, that he rushed forward with his sabre among the *English*, who seized his arms and carried him away. Meantime, his men that were left, retired into their own ship. *Thurot* seeing this, cried out, "Why should we throw away the lives of the poor men?" and ordered to strike the colours. A man going up to do this, was shot dead: as was likewise a second. And before a third could do it, Mr. *Thurot* himself was shot through the heart. So fell a brave man: giving yet another proof, that there is no counsel or strength against the Lord.

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